20¢ APRIL 24, 1950

New Republic

SPRING BOOKS

Malcolm Cowley On Writing as a Profession

Articles and Reviews by: Douglas Bush Albert Z. Carr
Edward U. Condon Irwin Edman John Farrelly
M. L. Rosenthal Alfred Werner Morton G. White

THE MEN BEHIND McCARTHY

By EDWARD A. HARRIS

AMERICA'S DP'S: THE PROBLEM OF THE MIGRATORY WORKER

By BETH BIDERMAN

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New Republic Editor on Tour

Schedule April 27 - May 20

¶ MICHAEL STRAIGHT, Editor of the *New Republic*, is now on a coast-to-coast speaking tour.

¶ Last week his itinerary for the first nine cities was published in this space, with announcements of time and place of meetings then scheduled. Below is the schedule for the rest of the trip with meetings known to be definite.

¶ The tour was arranged by the American Veterans Committee, but he will be speaking on national and international issues before open meetings, town-hall forums, trade-union locals, student gatherings and luncheons and dinners organized by *New Republic* readers. One of his main purposes is to meet and talk to our readers and to gather editorial material for the magazine.

¶ Further details for those who can attend the meetings or arrange further discussions can be obtained from the *New Republic*, 40 East 49 Street, New York 17, or from local AVC Chairmen whose names and addresses are given below.

Austin, Texas – **Thursday, April 27**

Mr. Stuart Long, Chairman AVC
3206 Gilbert Street

Meetings scheduled: 12 noon, Junior Chamber of Commerce luncheon on Hoover Commission, Driskill Hotel; 6 PM dinner meeting AVC members and liberals; 8 PM Texas Union Building, U. of Texas Campus.

Los Angeles – **Sunday, April 30 to Wednesday, May 3**

Mr. Loren Grey, Chairman AVC
3542 Moore Street, Venice, California

Meetings scheduled: May 1, 12 noon, Town Hall luncheon, Biltmore Hotel; 6 PM radio interview, Town Hall, KFI; May 2, 10 AM Glover's Clothing School; 11 AM California School of Photography, auspices Wendell Willkie Chapter; 12 noon, luncheon community leaders; 3:15 PM talk, University of Southern California; May 3 talk at UCLA; 12 noon labor luncheon; 7 PM banquet, Hollywood Athletic Club.

San Francisco – **Thursday, May 4 to Saturday, May 6**

Mr. Erwin Klaus, Chairman AVC
155 Montgomery Street

Meetings scheduled: May 4, 6:30 PM, AVC dinner at Marines Memorial Club, 609 Sutter Street; May 5, 12 noon, Commonwealth Club of California, Palace Hotel; May 5, 7 PM, San Francisco Press Club, 449 Powell Street.

Portland, Ore. – **Monday, May 8 and Tuesday, May 9**

Mr. George Dysart, Chairman AVC
2133 N. E. 13th Avenue

Meetings scheduled: May 8, 6:30 PM, VE Day Banquet, Hotel Nortonia; May 9, 10 AM, AVC Freedom Award Reed College Assembly; 12 noon, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Hotel Multnoma.

Seattle, Wash. – **Wednesday, May 10 and Thursday, May 11**

Mr. Jay Sykes, Chairman AVC
4518—17th Avenue, N. E.

Meetings scheduled: May 10, 6:30 PM, AVC Banquet, Meany Hotel; 8:30 PM, meeting with AVC and ADA and guests, Meany Hotel; May 11, 11 AM, speech before student body of University of Washington.

Milwaukee, Wisc. – **Monday, May 15**

Mr. Robert Landry, Chairman AVC
212 West Wisconsin Avenue

Meetings scheduled: 12 noon, luncheon, Pabst Hall; 6:30 PM, banquet at City Club, Mayor Frank P. Zeidler and guests.

Madison, Wisc. – **Tuesday, May 16**

Mr. Robert Hulder, Chairman AVC
1920 Vilas Avenue

Meetings scheduled: Luncheon and dinner meetings with guests; 8 PM, radio speech.

Chicago, Ill. – **Thursday, May 18**

Mr. Lyle Gumm, Chairman AVC
5345 Harper Avenue

Meeting scheduled: May 18, Evening meeting, University of Chicago Quadrangle Club.

Minneapolis–St. Paul – **Friday, May 19 and Saturday, May 20**

Mr. Robert Barrie, Chairman AVC
610 West Franklin Avenue

Meetings scheduled: May 19, 6:30 PM, public banquet, Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota campus; May 20, Convention of Minnesota State AVC Council in St. Paul.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

BRONZED, confident, eupeptic Harry Truman waited while reporters jostled into his press conference. He reached over to a pink, toy Easter hen on his desk and pushed it down. It obediently laid a pellet called an "egg." Harry and everybody near him laughed cheerfully.

Soon the President was outlining the 1950 campaign version of the ancient "full-dinner-pail" slogan that he will carry to the nation in his so-called "non-political" tour: Truman prosperity. Republicans howled with rage. They know the efficacy of that abdominal appeal against which logical argument normally breaks in vain.

Is "Truman prosperity" justified? Ascending price indices and a booming stock market look rosy. Underneath, signs are more ominous even by Truman's own standards. In his January economic report he called for unemployment reduction to "2,500,000 at most." But the figure was 4,700,000 in February (largest since war); down now, seasonally, to 4,100,000 in March, but likely to rise again this fall. Consuming power is stepped up by a non-recurring $2.6 billion veterans' national insurance dividend. But the public is buying autos on expanding credit, not expanding earnings. Auto and steel prices are still artificially topheavy. If forced adjustment comes to Detroit this fall it will mean more idle. Yes, short-term figures reveal Truman prosperity; long-range figures show doubt, uncertainty.

General Omar Bradley's Chicago speech last week may have been the most important address in America since the war. He boldly declared that the US must now yield some measure of ancient sovereignty for full protection. Under the new theory of national defense specialization worked out at The Hague conference, Atlantic Pact powers would make such military contribution as they are best fitted for, without wasteful duplication. No politician could have made Bradley's blunt, clarifying speech without being attacked by McCarthyites. "National pride and sovereignty are often paid for with the life and blood of soldiers," said Bradley grimly. The first concrete effect of Bradley's speech probably will be to upset poor, unfortunate Louis Johnson's carefully created Army-Navy-Air Force budget balance. From now on Bradley says American defense forces must be regarded as part of the larger Atlantic plan. That presumably puts Air Force and Navy first.

Disturbing reports come in from far-off places. The Quirino government in the Philippines is corrupt, incompetent, cowardly; it has squandered $2 billion of US aid since the war, yet bankruptcy stares it in the face and the situation is rapidly deteriorating.

Another trouble spot is Iran. Things are going to pot there in a big way, and since it is next door to Russia and wedged like a keystone into the whole Near East area, something may have to be done rather quickly and dramatically.

The United States has had to chide two protégés sharply—Syngman Rhee in Korea, and the Greek government (where the royal family has been flirting with the idea of dictatorship). Both protests have had temporary effect. Now, turning to Indo-China, we find ourselves stuck with Bao Dai with his quasi-nationalist government as opposed to Ho Chi-minh with a rival quasi-nationalist government on the Soviet side. We hope to heaven that our man, Bao Dai, is sound, and we are preparing to give him military small-arms supplies and are trying to get the French to give him real authority. It looks like a 50-50 chance. If Bao Dai can't get popular support, he is, of course, sunk.

Nehru, when he was over here, urged us to back Ho Chi-minh. We said "No," and carefully explained our version of Democracy v. Communism. Nations like Britain and France can make allowances for the McCarthy high jinks, and House antics like voting for Irish unity. But India's just coming into the periphery of American ways of life. What has Nehru seen of those ways?

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Ambassador-at-large Philip Jessup, suddenly summoned back from India to answer alarming McCarthy charges; Owen Lattimore, hurrying through India to return on the same errand; John S. Service, veteran State Department official, stopped at the dock in India to hasten back for the same purpose. These countries have no standard of reference by which to discount McCarthyism; they are too young politically to have known Huey Long.

Argentina is trying to get back into America's good graces. She wants an Import-Export bank $100 million underwriting to save her bacon. Dictator Perón has hit bad times. He's engaged in a big row with Britain over his extortionate beef prices; now he is turning to his old enemy, Washington, in what seems rather like desperation. This poses a real problem. Can we help restore civil liberties in Argentina by making stern requirements as a condition for our proposed aid? Or should we gleefully let the South American Franco stew in his own juice? The State Department seems drawn to the first course, arguing that Perón may go berserk if hard-pressed and endanger his neighbors. But won't aid in bailing out Perón now fix him more firmly than ever on his pompous throne?

Notes. Two weeks after the big coal crisis, demand has begun to fall off; the great sick industry of America will soon be sicker than ever. We know it's politically impractical, but honestly we don't see any long-range solution for coal but nationalization, maybe 20 years hence. . . . Many correspondents feel McCarthy's smears damaged nobody so much as Taft's own defense of McCarthy has damaged Taft. . . . Our judgment is that the Administration will give the FEPC bill a perfunctory run in the Senate, say two weeks, then succumb to the Dixie filibuster. . . . Representative Emanuel Celler's (D, N. Y.) monopoly inquiry has been pretty much of a flop, may pick up now on steel. . . . Senator Paul H. Douglas' (D, Ill.) annual attack on the $1.5 billion pork-barrel rivers-and-harbors bill gets nowhere save with the voters; it's a pleasure to see one liberal with a flair for publicity.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Strange Bedfellows

SIR: I should appreciate your making it clear that I have consistently fought the oil companies in the tidelands controversy, contrary to the statement of your editorial of March 20, and that I voted to sustain the Presidential veto of this matter two years ago and have not changed my views. Incidentally, I am also opposing the oil companies in the current Kerr controversy on natural gas.

I am sorry I cannot be classified as 100 percent in disagreement with the *New Republic*, but unfortunately in these two matters we are in accord, as we have been in various other matters over the years. When we agree, I suspect each of us becomes a little uneasy as to whether or not we may be convicted of "guilt by association."

One of the possibly important omissions from our guest list at the Spanish dinner, which you mention, was Mr. John Peurifoy, Deputy Undersecretary of State.

OWEN BREWSTER

Washington, D. C. United States Senate

Catholic Politics

SIR: A letter from one of your readers, a Mrs. William Kavanagh, published in the April 10th issue, criticizes your "belching of anti-Catholic venom."

Every liberal must be alarmed at the growing secular encroachment of the Roman Church; every liberal must be concerned at the lack of organized resistance to this twentieth-century attempt to rebuild the "Holy Roman Empire."

It is, therefore, most encouraging to find a periodical of the stature of the *New Republic* waging so fearless a battle against the growing secular power of Rome. . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y. JANET COULTER

SIR: I find myself in such complete accord with Mr. J. L. Teller's article, "A Jew Looks at Vatican Policy" (the *NR*, March 13), that as a Protestant I must express this accord publicly. The fact of the matter is that many Americans—liberals, secularists, religious-minded persons of Jewish and Christian (Protestant) faith—are growing extremely weary of the political activities of the Vatican here and abroad. We think that it is time that the American Catholic hierarchy announce a few doctrines consistent with the American tradition of the separation of Church and State—the most vital of all the issues before us in this area. If they cannot get the Pope to permit such a declaration, then as Americans they ought to say so and let the Roman Catholic laity of this country understand the nature of the dilemma in which they are placed as Americans and Catholics.

The position that the Vatican has taken in regard to the American public-school system, federal aid to education, the naming of a representative of the President at the Vatican, the providing of birth-control information, the status of psychology as a science, the internationalization of Jerusalem, various incidents in Catholic Bavaria, the proposed return of King Leopold in Belgium, opposition to various parties in Western Europe that are themselves opposed to Communism—all this seems to spell out a fundamental determination on the part of the Vatican to oppose by political means measures that represent the prevailing liberal point of view in America. . .

Most American Catholic laymen that I know believe in the American doctrine of the separation of Church and State. The question is, does the American Catholic hierarchy believe in it, and for all the world?

CHARLES J. TURCK, President,

St. Paul, Minn. Macalester College

Grounds for Firing

SIR: Jean Begeman has covered well (the *NR*, March 27) one aspect of the current fight for academic freedom at the University of California. As the newspapers have since reported, the faculty has voted nine to one against the Loyalty Oath and approximately four to one in favor of the regents' policy of making Communist Party membership *per se* grounds for firing. . . .

It is on the latter policy of excluding CP members solely on the basis of this membership that I wish to explain as well as report what feeling exists among a segment of the University community.

Large numbers of us here feel that this rule is dangerous because, so long as the CP is a legal party in this country, it is wrong to use this guilt-by-association as a basis for punitive action. We feel that the individual Communist teacher should be judged by his competence, objectivity, etc., just as would be any other present or prospective teacher. . . .

Here on campus we have formed the United Action Committee for Academic Freedom to fight, not merely against the Loyalty Oath, which is as hollow as formal tests based on party membership, but for the basic ideal of free scholarship. This committee comprises campus coöperative living groups, religious groups, AVC, Students for Democratic Action, two campus Socialist organizations, the Campus Progressives, the Graduate Students' Association and other groups which have sent observers. We are joined outside the committee by the better than 20 percent of the faculty who voted against the regents' Rule 5 and the Non-Senate Academic Employees (those research and teaching personnel who are not of professorial rank).

Berkeley, Calif. HARLAN H. RAINEY

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VOLUME 122, NUMBER 17, ISSUE 1847, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 24, 1950 **New Republic**

FOREIGN POLICY IS THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

FOR TWO CRITICAL MONTHS, the formation of foreign policy has been laid aside to permit full play for the degrading spectacle staged by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy.

His assault on our government has been far more than the vulgar effort of a cheap politician to gain publicity. It is the raw, cutting edge of an ever encroaching attitude of ignorant bigotry which never has accepted the spirit of American freedom and never will.

Too many people, numbed by fear, have watched this attack with something of the paralysis and fascination of the trapped rabbit staring at the approaching weasel. Others, such as Senator Robert A. Taft, have embraced McCarthy and all that he stands for.

Presumably these men believe that the victory of their party is so vital to America that any action which seems to bring it closer must be promoted, even if it undermines America's present standing and safety.

So far there has been only one positive response to this new mood of irresponsibility. That is to seek the restoration of our bipartisan foreign policy. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg has called for a new bipartisanship in foreign policy. Secretary of State Dean Acheson is groping for the more pretentious notion of "total diplomacy." Either way, the first steps have already been taken in the appointment of John Foster Dulles to a high position in the State Department, and the reestablishment of consultation with the minority party before decisions are made in world affairs.

This effort to restore to the Republican Party an awareness that America's national interest is something more than a residual by-product of partisan intrigue may lead us past our short-term political pitfalls.

Yet bipartisanship as a long-range solvent of America's world problems has limitations far beyond the human ones created by the retirement of Senator Vandenberg, who, alone in the Republican Party, possessed both vision and influence.

For bipartisanship means compromise, and compromise in the long run means perpetual adaptation to the weakest element, and therefore the lack of initiative, of boldness, of leadership.

Bipartisanship served well in the emergency of the postwar years to implement the short-term, non-political programs initiated by the Administration. But the emergency is over, and although the danger to democracy is growing, the cure is long-range action of a political nature.

If the steps that America must take are grim steps towards the ice age, then the presence of Dulles in the Administration is indispensable. But if our task is, instead, to give new purpose and strength and vitality to millions of people Dulles neither knows nor cares to know, then the appointment of this aging tory and the sharing of secrets in the highest councils of both major parties are no solution at all. On the contrary, they may contribute to the central threat to our chances of survival: that is, the continued hardening and shriveling of the American spirit under pressure of fear.

The American spirit is hardening in world affairs, although we have played the role of leading power for just ten years. It is part of the trend away from a ceaseless renewal and reaffirmation of our values and toward a servile and sterile worship of institutions and the status quo that frightened the men who edited this magazine 35 years ago.

This trend is conservatism. It can be overcome only if it is brought into the open and countered in the arena of debate by positive and vigorous liberalism. Unless that clear choice is presented to the American people the functioning of the democratic process, through which democracy thrives, is atrophied.

The dime-store revelations which today preoccupy the Senate are of course no substitute for debate. Yet these outbursts occur precisely because the conditions in which enlightened debate is possible are not fostered by present policies.

Debate requires the disclosure of relevant information. Instead, the last five years have seen the swift extension of secrecy over all phases of foreign policy. Occasionally the curtain of secrecy is lifted by the publication of a White Paper on China. From time to time the public is let in on the Administration's basic analyses, as in George F. Kennan's brilliant article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct." For the rest, secrecy becomes a cover for routine reports, expert interpretation, and often a cloak for incompetence and error. Far more important, secrecy diverts our attention to unreal issues. The evils of the loyalty program naturally increase in direct proportion to the area of secrecy. If we hold ten times as many secrets, then we invite ten times as many

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spies to steal the secrets, ten times as many snoopers to prevent the theft and ten times as many McCarthys to snoop on the snoopers.

Not "total diplomacy," nor "prior consultation," nor any other substitute for reason, is any cure for this disease. On the contrary, the temptation will always be to use bipartisanship as a means of foreclosing debate and therefore of removing foreign policy one stage farther from the people.

Then we shall witness a surface unity, and beneath the surface continued ugly outbreaks of irrationality, hatred and rejection of all America's overseas endeavors. For these outbreaks stem from the ignorance that breeds suspicion and fear. There is great ignorance concerning foreign policy in America today. And increasing the area of ignorance, in the name of top-level unity, will lead to far greater trouble in the long run.

The participation of Dulles in the formation of foreign policy is no substitute for the participation of the American people. The resumption of party debates in the inner chambers of the State Department is no substitute for public debate. The real problem which the government must overcome is not the McCarthys' hatred of our international policies, but the indifference to those policies among ordinary citizens. That indifference arises from the conviction among our citizens that nothing they think or say can have the remotest influence on our foreign policy. That widespread conviction is the barrier to bold action that the government must overcome.

The method lies in opening up the files, in publishing basic analyses, in sending our foreign-policy leaders around the nation, in abandoning the trickle-down theory of public enlightenment for a real public-information program. Regional conferences on foreign policy, recorded and broadcast over the Voice of America, would be one means of giving Americans the sense that foreign policy is of their own making.

From this kind of discussion a genuine debate on foreign policy is bound to emerge that will clarify our choices and make bold action possible. Such a debate will demonstrate that there is a genuine conservative position in our world policy, and a genuine liberal position, although those concepts will be found to transcend party labels and lines of class and region. The conservative approach will stress power as the means of resisting Communism. It will rely on existing institutions and procedures to maintain the security of the non-Communist world. The liberal approach will stress progress as the means of overcoming Communism. It will place the common values of the free world above its separate national institutions and will strike out with a bold program of international integration and domestic reform as equal parts of a single master plan. We have no doubt as to the necessity or the outcome of this debate. When it is resolved, decisive and necessary actions may be taken that are politically unfeasible today.

THE WEEK

THE COLD WAR'S CENTER

Southeast Asia is the center of the cold war. Indo-China is the center of Southeast Asia. America is late with a program of action to save Indo-China. But we are on our way.

Secretary Acheson declared three months ago that the peoples of Asia should find their own way of independence and democracy. He went on to place American influence behind Bao Dai, the French-imposed Emperor of Indo-China.

These actions seemed at the time to be in glaring contradiction. Acheson knew it, but felt that he had no choice. Since then the problem has been to implement our decision; to help Bao Dai become the nationalist leader of an independent and hopeful people.

Nationalism remains the one powerful and unifying sentiment of the three nations that make up Indo-China. To all three, Ho Chi-minh, Bao Dai's brilliant adversary, is still a nationalist hero. With a small guerrilla force Ho has held down 140,000 French troops. For Indo-China the devastation of the war has been terrible. For France the cost has been great, taking more than half of its military budget and the best part of its leadership and manpower. For the Russians the war in Indo-China has been a perfect operation, costing nothing and serving as a suction pump of French strength and a drain on the dwindling prestige of the West throughout Asia.

In isolation, Ho has become a hard-core Communist, purging his non-Communist leaders and carrying out a ruthless program, similar to that of the Greek rebels, behind his own lines. Until recently the Chinese Communists have been tied down by guerrilla operations within China and have given Ho little help. Soon the border, as long as a line from Stettin to Budapest, may be open. Any large-scale American military aid will make it easier for Ho to invite full Chinese intervention among an anti-Chinese people without sacrificing his nationalist support.

Yet the threat is growing, and there may be no politically defensible line in Southeast Asia between the northern borders of Indo-China and the shores of Australia.

The State Department now believes that Indo-China can be held if immediate action is undertaken along these lines:

First, a health program. The shift of refugees and the Ho Chi-minh scorched-earth policy have led to a terrible incidence of disease throughout Indo-China. Malaria and dysentery are spreading; so is blindness resulting

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from trachoma. Public-health teams are needed right away to work with penicillin, sulfa, DDT and anti-malaria drugs, starting in Saigon and Hanoi and moving up via Cambodia and Loos.

Second, a program of agricultural rehabilitation. The war has driven people out of the rich valleys of Indo-China into barren hills. Returning weak from illness and reduced in numbers, they can't restore their land with the primitive hand tools they possess. The rice paddies in particular have become encrusted. Emergency rehabilitation teams are needed to run tractors, repair dikes, clear irrigation ditches, to rebuild the ruins of bridges and buildings that Ho has demolished.

Third, a program of economic development. Indo-China is potentially one of the richest areas of the world. Its people need a reasonable expectation that progress is on the way. Technical assistance though the Point Four program and capital loans through the World Bank and the Export-Import Bank are needed, and will be fully justified economically as peace is restored.

This program can be handled within existing ECA appropriations granted to China and the China area. It needs only to be carried out swiftly, and supplemented by political action.

For the first time, substantial agreement is in sight between French and US negotiators, who now believe that American aid must be distributed jointly by France, America and the Viet Namese. Americans and Viet Namese may concede that the objective for Indo-China is dominion status in the French Union. As in Indonesia, peace can be restored only by this kind of compromise. And as in Indonesia, American mediation and aid may help in obtaining a rational transition to independence.

VOTES BEFORE DOLLARS

In vetoing the Kerr natural-gas bill, President Truman put votes before dollars. Friends of the oil and gas interests in Congress like Senator Robert Kerr, of Oklahoma, and Senator Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, of Texas, believed to the last that the President would sign their bill, largely because oil and gas men had contributed so heavily to the Democratic campaign in 1948. The Truman Administration will feel the loss of those funds deeply this November and in 1952. Oil money is now likely to flow even more heavily into the Dixiecrats' treasury than it did in 1948. But the loss of confidence in the Truman Administration which organized labor and consumers would have felt if the President had acted otherwise would have cost the Democrats far more in the long run.

The veto message indicates that Truman understood not only the political implications of the proposed gas steal, but its overriding economic importance as well. For the federal government "to withdraw entirely from the regulation of gas sales . . . would not be in the public interest. . . . The continuance of that authority" is needed "to prevent unreasonable and excessive prices, which would give large windfall profits to gas producers, at the expense of consumers, with no benefit to the nation in terms of additional exploration and production."

The forthright manner in which the President has rejected the Kerr bill, in spite of tremendous pressures, makes it possible for him to go on tour again in the role of "true defender of the common people."

LOBBYING ACT TESTED

The first case testing the constitutionality of the Lobbying Act has reached the trial stage. Former Representative Roger C. Slaughter (Mo.), charged with failing to register and submit financial data regarding his lobbying activities, went on the stand Monday of this week. His indictment contends that, without registering, he sought to defeat bills to regulate margin requirements on speculative transactions in commodity futures on commodity exchanges. Slaughter attempted to have the case dismissed, but last month Federal District Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut rejected the motion.

Judge Schweinhaut held that the lobby-registration section "does not abridge constitutionally guaranteed privileges since it leaves everyone free to exercise those rights, calling upon him only to say for whom he is speaking, who pays him, how much, and the scope in general of his activity with regard to legislation. This, the Congress should, and in the Court's opinion does, have the right to demand."

Most of Slaughter's lobbying activities in this case took place during the 80th Congressional session. He represented the Board of Trade of Kansas City, the Board of Trade of Chicago, the Minneapolis Grain Exchange and the Northern American Grain Association, Inc. On behalf of those clients, he sought to defeat the ratification of the International Wheat Agreement in the Senate and passage of amendments curbing the powers of the Commodity Credit Corporation.

Slaughter contends that the lobby-registration requirement is "so vague and uncertain that it fails to meet the due-process requirements of the Fifth Amendment." The indictment claims he was paid $43,686 by the organizations employing him, of which $33,599 was from the grain exchanges and $10,087 from the export grain association. Summarizing the charge, Judge Schweinhaut emphasized that while the Act exempts citizens who merely appear before a committee to testify on legislation, Slaughter had approached members of Congress "personally and by telephone, arranged for witnesses to appear . . . employed other lawyers to draft legislation to be submitted to Congress on behalf of his employers . . . and was also present at and during sessions of Congress in order to influence legislation to the end that his employers should benefit thereby. . . ."

CRISIS IN CALIFORNIA

As the April 30 deadline approaches, faculty members of the University of California are threatening to resign rather than sign the special non-Communist oath which the Board of Regents demanded that they take in addition to the standard state oath of allegiance to the Constitution. (See letter by Harlan H. Rainey on page 4.)

During the past year, the Academic Senate, faculty governing body, has several times voted unanimously against the oath. As a compromise, the faculty held a secret vote early this month on two resolutions to assure the regents of its loyalty. One, which called for exclusion of Communist Party members from employment in the University, passed by 1,154 to 136; the other, stating that proved members of the Communist Party are not acceptable as

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members of the faculty, passed by 1,025 to 268. But the regents were not satisfied with this compromise. At an open meeting in Santa Barbara, they refused to rescind their ultimatum and then tabled the resolutions of the faculty by a vote of 12 to 8. As it now stands, faculty members who fail to sign the oath by April 30 will not be allowed to resume their connection with the University when the new academic year begins on July 1.

Governor Earl Warren supported the faculty stand: "You are not going to get rid of one single Communist through this oath. . . . The constitutional oath, which they request, is good enough for the President, for Governors, for generals. It is good for everybody but the faculty of the University."

The regents have one more regular monthly meeting before the last date for signing the oath. It is possible that the question might be reconsidered. Professor John Hicks, chairman of the Department of History, has warned the regents that "the faculty is united and will remain so." The outcome is being watched closely by academicians throughout the country. At a meeting of representatives of 43 universities and colleges, the Western College Association passed a resolution favoring the stand of the California faculty.

THE HIGH COURT DODGES

The Supreme Court, by refusing to consider several Congressional-committee contempt cases, has in effect given the House Un-American Activities Committee the right to continue Communist probes with its actions backed by the threat of jail sentence. The Court has consistently shied away from handing down a decision which would once and for all determine the constitutionality of the committee and its powers. Nor has the Court answered those who charge that the tactics used by the Un-American Activities Committee violate freedom of speech, the right of privacy of political views, and other individual liberties.

The sweeping powers of the committee were most recently questioned by the "Hollywood Ten." Last week the Supreme Court rejected the appeal of John Howard Lawson and Dalton Trumbo, cited for contempt of the committee in 1947 when they refused to state whether they were or had been Communists on the ground that such questions were an invasion of their rights of free speech, thought and association. The decision, announced in a brief order, stated that Justices Black and Douglas favored a review of the case and that Justice Clark had taken no part in the decision.

While the Court ruling was against only two of the 10 Hollywood writers, it affects the remaining eight, who agreed to waive a jury trial if the Supreme Court upheld the Appeals Court, which it now has done in effect.

The Court of Appeals last year, in a unanimous opinion on the Lawson-Trumbo case, ruled that "the right of free speech is not absolute, but must yield to national interest justifiably thought to be of larger importance. . . ." The two writers were sentenced to pay $1,000 fines and serve a year in jail.

At the same time last week, the Supreme Court reversed the conviction of Richard Morford, executive director of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, and sent that case back to the District Court for retrial. Morford was cited for contempt when he refused to turn over to the Un-American Activities Committee financial records and membership lists of the Council. He was indicted and sentenced to three months in jail and a fine of $250. Morford's conviction was reversed on the ground that the trial court erred in not permitting his lawyers to question prospective government-employed jurors on the possible effect of the loyalty program "on their ability to render an . . . impartial verdict."

In a third ruling on contempt citations, the Supreme Court denied review of the conviction of George Marshall, former chairman of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties. Marshall refused to give the Un-American Activities Committee a list of financial contributors to his organization and was sentenced to three months in jail and a $500 fine. Marshall, like Morford, challenged the committee's right to subpoena documents without first showing that they were relevant to the investigation of "subversive activities." Even if the records were relevant, he argued, forced disclosure violated constitutional liberties. The Court ignored the fact that the trial court had refused to permit his attorney to ask prospective government-employed jurors about the effect of the loyalty program on their ability to reach a fair decision. Only Black favored giving Marshall a review.

Without even the slightest reference to the powers of the Un-American Activities Committee, the high court has practically cleared the docket of contempt cases. In 1948, the Court refused to consider an appeal by Dr. Edward Barsky of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Barsky's request for a rehearing is still pending. The Court has said, in effect, that it will examine the trials of those cited for contempt of Congressional committees to see if they were fairly conducted, but that is as far as it will go. With such "investigations" as are being conducted by other Congressional committees, it is unfortunate that the Court has not defined a committee's powers and a witness' rights.

HERBLOCK IN THE WASHINGTON POST

SPRINGTIME IN WASHINGTON

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

The Hague agreement on the military defense of the Atlantic alliance was said officially to have taken into account "every possible eventuality for the coming five years" and to have "assigned precisely" each country's role. The assignments were: strategic bombing, the United States; naval action, the US and Great Britain; tactical bombing and air defense, Great Britain and France; ground defense, the continental countries, particularly France.

To Defense Secretary Louis A. Johnson the assignment given the continental countries, particularly France, was an essential element in carrying plans for defense of the West from "the planning into the realistic stage." Apparently the defense ministers and the chiefs of staff agreed.

But the comment of the best and most influential newspaper in France, *Le Monde* of Paris, was: "*De qui se moque-t-on?* Who are they kidding? Anything is better than such theatricality and bluff naïvely staged to bring about 'reassurance'." And the *Franc-Tireur* of Paris, which speaks for the anti-Communist Left, wrote: "The European democracies seem to have left their imagination and will power in the cloakroom of false securities. The effect of the mixture of uncertainty, of doubt and of worry that characterizes Western Europe is the resignation . . . with which the responsible elites have fallen into the habit of accepting all the solutions, good or bad, . . . from outside, especially from America."

Of the armed forces represented in the conferences in The Hague's Juliana Barracks (built by the Nazi Wehrmacht as its occupation headquarters), France's is the most important. Hence, France is to get at least $300 million of the $1,000 million voted by Congress for MAP. The French now have 630,000 men under arms, of whom 300,000 are in the army. But more than half the army, 168,000 men, is overseas—120,000 in Indo-China, fighting a war which may grow harder in the next few years. All the soldiers in Indo-China are regulars. About a third of enlistments end every year, which requires heavy replacements.

At home, in North Africa and in Germany, the French army has three full infantry divisions, two full armored divisions, one partial division of airborne soldiers, another of mountain troops. But their equipment is for the most part obsolete, including, for example, seven-year-old tanks. New methods of training have been instituted—the *école interarme* for officers, the *camps légers* for recruits. New light arms have been put into mass production—a 12-ton tank, a field vehicle, an armored car, an automatic rifle, a 9-millimeter machine-carbine. But the morale of the professional officers as well as of the recruits is admitted by all military experts to be far below par. "The army," one of these experts recently remarked, "suffers cruelly from the notorious enfeeblement of the state." And the French are too honestly lucid about facing facts to permit any statesman to indulge in the hypocrisy of the Italians—Premier Alcide de Gasperi says: "The Italian army has a wonderful spirit even though it is underpaid." (Italian army draftees get seven cents and seven cigarettes a day.)

The Frenchmen (including the Defense Minister) who were looking into the future with Secretary Johnson at The Hague were in a political camp which counts on improving morale though the "possible eventuality" of a domestic nature: the capture of power by General Charles de Gaulle. *Le Monde* of Paris, though on the political Right, is not in this camp. France's home problems too, it holds, cannot be solved by theatricality and bluff. Most important, France's future can only be destroyed utterly by the rise to power of the Gaullists, who are putting aside the Kennan line of containment by cold war in favor of the Burnham line of preventive war. Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber writes in *Le Monde*:

> It is out of the question that Western Europe, with or without American arms, with or without a German army, can build in the near future a military force capable of opposing by itself the Soviets in case of war. The present idea of the American staff is "to build in Europe a military and economic force able to resist for as long as it takes us to come to its help." Even if the time is not equal to zero, the hope is an illusion. In the second place, the doubt whether the United States will immediately intervene is essentially the same [in Europe] now as it was before the Atlantic Pact. . . . In the third place, the Pact merely gives us the appearance of greater military security. It organizes Western coöperation on a military basis, requires a permanent financial drain, and gives priority to strategic necessities. All this . . . most certainly increases our chances of losing the cold war—that is, the political and economic struggle. . . . The supreme cleverness of the Communists is to make us believe they are especially worried about the military Atlantic alliance.
>
> The greatest of all illusions is to be satisfied with the status quo, which is a veritable parody of security and organization, and which would not resist the first brutality of events. . . . The economic crisis in the West, overproduction, and the contradictions of the system of exchanges are only now beginning to develop. The time of real threats and dangers is ahead of us; up until now we have not known anything really serious.

Servan Schreiber believes the major task for the West is not to build chimerical armies on illusions but to prevent war from starting "since, if it does start, the events it will bring, either in victory or defeat, offer no perspective." The second task is to win the cold war by "establishing in the West a sound economic system which, by avoiding crises, can sterilize Stalinist Communism:

> The essential is the principle of real, concrete, efficient Atlantic coöperation. It would give us what we now lack: physical integration assuring military solidarity, joint economic planning to bring about stability, and the common feeling of belonging to a great political and moral unity on a truly contemporary scale.

If the General and Defense Ministers at The Hague had really foreseen every possible eventuality for the coming five years, they would have realized that the peoples of the Western European countries will make dependable defenders only of ground on which a preventive war against economic inequality, social justice and the humiliation of dependence has been fought and won.

PERCY WINNER

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THE MEN BEHIND McCARTHY

by Edward A. Harris

OUT OF THE BABEL of voices touched off by Senator McCarthy's wild Red charges there has emerged the imperative need for a Congressional inquiry into the irresponsible and dangerous activities of the pro-Nationalist China lobby.

The lobby is irresponsible because it so often works where it can be felt but not seen. It is dangerous because it does not hesitate to spit venom at anyone who interferes with its objectives or does not share its extremist views. When it fails to sway, it strikes. Almost everyone connected with Far Eastern policy, from President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson to onetime consultants like Owen J. Lattimore of Johns Hopkins University, has felt its bite.

The China lobby is voracious. It is dissatisfied with the $6 billion worth of gold bullion, arms and equipment the United States gave to Chiang Kai-shek, despite the stubborn refusal of that old warrior to reform his corrupt regime. Presumably nothing short of a World War III over China, hydrogen bombs and all, will satisfy it.

Only a skillful and determined Congressional probe can expose the China lobby. It shrinks from strong light. Small wonder that few have dared to poke at it, for it emits "Communist" and "party dupe" at the slightest touch. But the time has come to bring it out into the open. The need is compelling because the lobby has at last come perilously close to wrecking the nation's vital bipartisan foreign policy, a development that bona-fide Communists and their followers would dearly love.

If McCarthy's vendetta leads to an inquiry into this lobby, it will have served a useful purpose. Congress should subpoena the leading Chiang propagandists, registered and unregistered. It should inquire into their source of funds. It should examine their account books, their entertainment expenses, their literature. It should publicize the lucrative fees paid by the lobby to influential lawyers in Washington. It should learn, and tell American taxpayers, whether their money has been used by Chiang to get more money out of Congress.

Had the nation been alerted to the activities of the fanatical Nationalist lobby in the past two years, it might have been spared the shock and initial bewilderment of the McCarthy bombast. More important, the bipartisan policy might well have escaped the deep wounds inflicted on it.

Who are the chief figures of the so-called "China cult"? Do they have special axes to grind or are they motivated solely by staunch anti-Communism? It might be useful to take a look at a few of the prime cultists and stack up their backgrounds against the reputations of the Trumans, the Achesons, the Jessups and the Lattimores.

Alfred Kohlberg. A wealthy importer of Chinese textiles, Kohlberg belatedly acknowledged he had fed information to "Jumping Joe" McCarthy. For years this owlish, sharp-tongued, busy New Yorker has carried on a furious campaign against officials of the State Department whom he blames for our China program. Last September, during an inquiry into Chiang propagandists, Kohlberg told the writer and Ben Bradlee of the Washington *Post* that he had a $1.5 million annual business stake in China, where Chinese women in the cottage system of piecework finished handkerchiefs and other linens for his importing firm. Presumably this source of cheap labor has now been closed to Kohlberg by the fall of the discredited Chiang government.

Kohlberg is the financial angel and godfather of the American China Policy Association, formed after he had lost a bitter control battle within the Institute of Pacific Relations, with which both Jessup and Lattimore were connected. The Association's special beat is the newspaper run, with some 2,000 editors and publishers receiving its propaganda regularly. But Kohlberg has been known to give more where "personal friendship," as he put it, is involved. In 1948 he contributed $1,000 to the campaign fund of Senator Styles Bridges (R, N. H.), who aided and encouraged McCarthy.

Kohlberg has said he is on close terms with such pro-Nationalist figures as Senator Bridges, General Claire Chennault, the Chiangs, Mme. Chiang's brother-in-law, H. H. Kung, and others with an intense personal interest in saving the Nationalist Government. After his most recent trip to China, Kohlberg said he drafted a report which was put out from Bridges' office, at the latter's request.

It was Kohlberg's good friend Bridges who took to the Senate floor when McCarthy's publicity stock was crashing, to defend McCarthy and launch a bitter attack on Secretary Acheson. It was William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, in Bridges' home state, who next day echoed the assault on Acheson. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that Loeb currently is president of Kohlberg's American China Policy Association.

Although Kohlberg, who financed the intemperate magazine, *Plain Talk*, shows little restraint in his vociferous attacks on those who disagree with him on China policy, he has a remarkably thin skin when he himself is subjected to criticism. A prolific letter-writer,

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he is quick to insinuate that any newspaper or reporter who dares question his activities is a pawn or a dupe of the Communists.

William J. Goodwin of Roslyn, Long Island. Kohlberg is not registered as a lobbyist, but until very recently Goodwin was an agent for the Chiang Kai-shek government at $30,000 a year. He worked closely with Counselor C. M. Chen of the Chinese Embassy in Washington, dined and wined scores of Congressmen and has distributed literature given him by Kohlberg. McCarthy was his guest at one of the many intimate dinners financed by the Chiang government, as was Bridges.

Goodwin told the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in a recent interview that it is quite true that he helped materially to "lay the groundwork" for McCarthy's attack on the State Department. While denying reports that he had fed McCarthy specific "information," he said: "But there's no question in my mind that the letters and pamphlets I've been sending McCarthy and other Senators for a long time are largely responsible for the present crusade."

How does Goodwin's background look as compared with his target, Dean Acheson? Before the war Goodwin was a member of the notorious strong-arm Christian Front that centered around the rabble-rousing radio priest, Father Coughlin. In 1941 he founded the American Rock Party in New York and ran for Mayor as its "dove of peace" candidate, with the indorsement of Coughlin. In 1944 he became treasurer of the American Democratic National Committee, later investigated by Congress. Six weeks before Pearl Harbor, he wrote that Nazi Germany was not a violator of international law, but that the United States was. These are but the highlights of his engaging record.

Joseph P. Kamp. Although Kamp has denied feeding McCarthy information, the existence of some type of telepathic communication seems most probable if one studies McCarthy's major Senate address on the subject of the "Communist-infested" State Department and Kamp's lurid book, *America Betrayed*. Many of the sentences and phrases are identical. And who is *this* model of true-blue Americanism?

Kamp, born Kampf, has been identified by Friends of Democracy as an extreme right-wing propagandist under conviction for contempt of Congress. His organization, the Constitutional Educational League, was cited by the Justice Department during the war as a channel for seditious propaganda. Shortly before the war broke out, Kamp's hate-mongering literature was commended highly and distributed by pro-Nazi agencies.

Robert M. Harriss. Also in the China picture, Harriss, a New York cotton broker, was indicted for alleged irregularities in connection with the Congressional Lobbying Act. He is listed as a trustee of the Institute of Chinese Culture in Washington. Last year he served as treasurer of a dinner given in New York for the Archbishop of Nanking. Kohlberg was vice-chairman of the dinner committee and signed the letters of invitation. Goodwin was a co-sponsor. Harriss associated with the Christian Front before the war, and served as Coughlin's financial adviser during the latter's heyday as a Nazi apologist.

There are, of course, many other active members of the so-called "China cult." Not all, like Kohlberg and General Chennault (who has China airline investments), have financial stakes in resuscitating the Chiang government. The Bill Bullitts, the Representative Judds, the Albert Wedemeyers and the Luces are in there pitching too, but their strong feelings about China have never been connected with their pocketbooks.

Among others who have failed to knuckle under to the dictates of the cult are Truman, George C. Marshall as Secretary of State, Acheson, Jessup and Lattimore. All but Marshall have been attacked, and he was spared only because the cult is quite aware that any assault on that great General would most certainly boomerang. Yet it was Marshall who flatly spurned General Wedemeyer's report urging a United States mandate over China to stop the onrushing Chinese Communists. He would not risk World War III over China.

Lattimore, also, was opposed to direct intervention. In desperation McCarthy finally sought to crucify him on this point, saying the Cominform also was opposed to United States intervention. If the Cominform's program for the Far East was morally right, then Lattimore's ideas also were right, said "Jumping Joe," adding that the converse was true too. Obviously this was a syllogism of the rankest sort, a device to which McCarthy was reduced after his "top Red espionage agent" stories blew up. Truman and Marshall also were opposed to direct intervention: did this also make them "tools" of the Cominform?

No fair person can condone such spurious reasoning. The situation is so patently gross and low-hitting that it calls for a complete turnabout. The hunters should become the hunted. The notorious China lobby has cried out, by its newest antics, for full investigation. The damage already done reaches to the corners of the earth, with Communists exploiting the whole mess for their own purposes abroad. No one has expressed the danger more pointedly than Lattimore, when he told the Tydings subcommittee:

"If the people of this country can differ with the so-called China lobby or with Senator McCarthy only at the risk of the abuse to which I have been subjected, freedom will not long survive."

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AMERICA HAS DP'S OF ITS OWN

by Beth Biderman

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO Jim Rogers piled his mattress, a few dishes, a decrepit cookstove and a case of canned goods into a hesitant Model T and set forth from Oklahoma with his pregnant wife to seek the good life in California. In Oklahoma they had been sharecroppers; in California they became migrant workers—Okies.

I visited this family in its "home" in Kings County, California, the heart of the San Joaquin Valley and one of the richest farming areas in the world. Jim, his wife and their daughter were living in a tent camp for migrants, their only furniture one old wooden chair and an iron cot, their only roof a patched canvas tent-top, their only floor a row of wooden slats over packed earth through which mud and water seeped when it rained. An iron cookstove served for cooking and heating. And, since Jim hadn't worked for more than a month, the only food in the tent was dried milk, dried eggs and a jar of honey—the ration provided by the county relief agencies for unemployed migrants.

"Ma'am," Jim told me, "when I came to California I thought it was gonna be the land of milk and honey for sure. . . . Milk and honey, hell! All I got to show for fourteen years is *dried* milk and honey."

Jim laughed heartily at his own witticism. I thought of the 500,000 Jims in California today, some of whom can't get even dehydrated milk because they're not "eligible" for county relief. And of the 39 kids in Kings County who had died of malnutrition (meaning starvation, only slower) in the past two months. And of the farm workers in the lush fields of California, Texas and the mid-South, now in the midst of the greatest wave of unemployment since dust storms and the depression pushed these people off the land and, in the economists' gentle words, "created a labor force" of from two million to 4.5 million off-the-farm workers, depending on the season.

This farm labor force is relatively new in our agricultural economy. We hold to the stereotype of the family-type farm and overlook the kind of farm which is producing an increasing proportion of our crops—the industrial farm specializing in one product, the factory-in-the-field. So we tend to think that anyone who works on the land is at least able to provide himself with food. But 100 starving children in a migrant camp near Phoenix, Arizona, can testify to the fact that no one can exist on a diet of citrus fruit. And several thousand Mexicans in Texas would argue that, even in this age of science, cotton is not exactly a nutritious diet. Farm workers today are, like their fellows in other industries, dependent on their cash income for food (which costs them exorbitant sums), clothing (which many can't afford at all), and housing (the shacks and tents are usually rented from farm owners). And, unlike workers in other industries, farm workers get none of the safeguards of social security, unemployment compensation, minimum-wage laws, or even the Taft-Hartley Act.

Not since the thirties has such a complex of factors conspired against these American DPs. Mechanization, for instance, has gone far beyond merely replacing horses with tractors. In the San Joaquin Valley during the 1949 season there was one cotton-picking machine for every 1,000 acres of land, replacing about 29,000 hand pickers throughout the valley. In many areas of the Southwest, crops of sugar beets and rice are being harvested entirely by machine. Even Florida spinach is mechanized.

But machinery hasn't been wholly responsible for getting the crops in faster and with fewer workers. Agricultural science plays its part, too. The 1949 California cotton crop, a record for the state, was harvested in four months instead of the usual six. A new cotton seed, Acala 4-42, had been developed. The cotton bolls seemed to mature overnight and they could be picked with comparative ease. There was no need for the usual second and third pickings required by the old strain, and the harvest was suddenly at an end by mid-December. Of the 120,000 farm workers who had brought in the crop, about 10,000 got jobs picking citrus fruits. The others were stranded without a job in sight until April.

The same thing was happening in the Old South. There, many of the sharecroppers and tenant farmers were being told to leave the land at the end of the season. The government's cotton-acreage quota for 1950 lessened the farm owners' need of extra help this year, and they had learned that migrant labor is cheaper. So welfare departments in the Mississippi Delta are besieged by technically ineligible families in desperate need; the demand for free lunches in rural schools is increasing; and a small grocer in Lilbourn, Missouri, had to turn down requests for food from 25 penniless families on one Saturday afternoon.

Perhaps the single greatest cause of unemployment among farm workers is the importation of Mexican laborers, some illegally, some on legal contracts.

During the farm-labor shortages of the war and post-

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war periods, the United States negotiated an agreement with the Mexican government permitting the immigration of Mexican nationals to ease these shortages. This agreement was extended in 1949, so that about 100,000 Mexicans had been placed on American farms by the year's end. Government agencies and the farm lobby maintain that these Mexicans work under contract at prevailing wage rates. But investigation has shown that the contracts consistently specify wages lower than the average wages listed by the Department of Agriculture. I saw one contract with a Mexican national that called for payment of 60 cents an hour for general farm labor; the prevailing wage when this contract was signed was 90 cents. This young Mexican's contract specified that he was to get $2.50 for every 100 pounds of cotton he picked; the National Farm Labor Union has just won a bitter strike to maintain the rate at $3 per 100 pounds.

But the legal Mexican immigrants account for only a small fraction of the total. In the Rio Grande Valley of Texas and in California's Imperial Valley, importation of illegal immigrants is a big, well-organized business. Remembering the large pay checks of the war years and striving for a small stake that they could never get at home, Mexicans enter the US labor markets along the border in great numbers every year. These illegals get the name "wetbacks" from swimming and wading the Rio Grande to reach their jobs.

The Immigration Service *estimates* that there are 390,000 illegals in the country right now. Governor Warren *guesses* that there are 44,000 in California.

They work under slavery conditions. Often the farmers provide no housing and the wetback is left to fend for himself. If he can't find packing boxes with which to build a flimsy shack, he sleeps under a tree. He is compelled to buy his food from farm-owned commissaries at premium prices. He dares not complain for fear of deportation, so he works from "can until can't," and often longer. But even the docile worker is not always safe from deportation. Last year Immigration Service officials found that many of the illegals being returned to Mexico had worked for several months without any pay; when the checks were due, the farmer simply called the Immigration officers to report illegals on the farm.

The Federal Advisory Council to the Bureau of Employment Security has recommended that no foreign farm labor be recruited this year and that workers now here under contract be returned to their homes when present contracts are completed. If this recommendation is acted upon, thousands of farm workers will regain their jobs—unless more wetbacks are recruited.

There are numerous factors worsening the condition of the farm worker and equally many recommendations for stop-gap solutions. But no single stop-gap can do more than temporarily avert a major crisis that affects millions of people. The problem is one of a whole new agricultural economy and a whole new class of agricultural workers. It must be tackled as a whole.

In the face of such odds, why doesn't the farm worker move to the city where, at the very least, he can get on relief? The answer is simply that he has no skills in urban living and is terrified by urbanism. Where is the city that will allow him to pitch his tent if he has no money for rent? How can he compete with city dwellers who went to school while he worked in the fields? And, with increasing unemployment, what city wants him even if he wanted to go there?

Much thought has been given to these problems by groups such as the National Sharecroppers Fund and the National Farm Labor Union, but in view of the present crisis the few, hopeful advances made by these organizations will be lost unless the government and the people realize the scope of this crisis and take action.

Farm workers are the only major group in this country that has been almost completely excluded from the social legislation of recent decades. There are signs of a movement to bring farm workers up to the early New Deal period, *circa* 1937: social security, unemployment insurance, and coverage under minimum-wage laws.

But if this movement is to be more than a token effort, it will need a great deal more support from thinking people than it has had to date. Some of our most liberal Senators and Representatives allow the farm bloc to attach riders exempting farm workers from almost all social legislation. Articulate voices in behalf of a European Displaced Persons Act are many; spokesmen for the American DPs are few.

And farm workers are essentially displaced persons. As Jim Rogers said to me, "I don't move around because I *want* to. I move because I *have* to. There ain't no year-round crop, but we sure gotta eat year-round."

There have been many recommendations calling on President Truman to establish a commission to investigate the agricultural-labor problem. Recent reports from Washington indicate that such a commission may be formed very soon if the farm bloc's hatchet men don't get in their work first. The commission will have a tremendous job. Besides the vexing immediate problems of mechanization, destitution, unemployment and wetbacks, there is the long-range problem of evolving a public-works program for farm workers to provide employment in off-seasons and the development of industries in farm areas for the same purpose.

Perhaps the biggest task of all will be the reëducation of these workers and their children as the agricultural economy produces more and more with fewer and fewer laborers. Most of them come from generations of farm workers. It's hard for them to understand that the land no longer wants or needs them.

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *McCarthy, "Fallen Senator"*

THE US SENATE generally has been a body of which Americans could well be proud. Distinguished citizens have honorably served as Senators and have contributed greatly to the public welfare. Of course, the Senate has never lacked stupid, selfish men. It has had intellectual illiterates. Some Senators have been crooks; a few have been suspected but fewer have been convicted. There have been irresponsible men, political demagogues and those who have voted on bills from the point of view of the possibility of enhancing their private fortunes. There have been those who, for a shabby political advantage, would smear the reputation of honorable citizens. But, by and large, the Senate has been an upright and desirable institution.

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy has demonstrated his right to be counted among the "fallen Senators," of whom, unfortunately, there have always been a notorious few. With a questionable right to be in the Senate at all, he started to make an undistinguished record and has quickly landed in the streets, to solicit the favor of character assassins who are always eager to join in a man hunt, especially if it is directed at a citizen of probity and civic virtue and intelligence. Despite his doubtful legal right to his Senatorial seat, Mr. McCarthy might have been endured by his colleagues. In attempting a dastardly smear of Dr. Owen Lattimore, this Wisconsin fly-by-night has besmirched a generally honorable group in which he has now no moral right to claim membership.

It has been urged against Senator McCarthy that he has no legal title to his seat. His rights are merely those of a squatter. The constitution of Wisconsin provides (a) that no judge of the Supreme or Circuit Courts shall hold an office of public trust, except a judicial office during the term for which he was elected, and that (b) "all votes . . . for any office except a judicial office . . . shall be void."

Since Mr. McCarthy was a Circuit Court judge when he was elected to the US Senate, the election by which he claims his seat was void, if the language quoted means anything. This is true, despite the fact that a majority of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin declared him elected. This has not been the only occasion on which a court has been wrong. In any event, the finding of the court constitutes no bar to the Senate to consider the case of the "fallen Senator" from Wisconsin. It is the final judge of the fitness of its members and it should politely send McCarthy back home with less reputation than that with which he came here, difficult as that might be. The Senate can hardly expect the people to hold it in greater respect than it demonstrates that it has for itself. It did the reputation of the Senate no good when it continued to harbor the late Senator Bilbo of Mississippi. It harmed itself in public estimation when it refused to declare vacant the seat of Senator Rush D. Holt, of West Virginia, who was not of constitutional age.

Dr. Lattimore's vigorous counterattack against the traducers, the most vicious and vocal one of whom has been the ineffable McCarthy, was refreshing. It gave needed courage, not only to public officials, but to others whom bullying members of Congress pick upon as helpless victims. But "Hit-and-Run McCarthy" was not the only casualty to be counted to the credit of the valiant Lattimore. As a man who knew the truth and was not afraid to make it known, Dr. Lattimore disclosed that the Pat McCarran of the Republican Party—Senator Bridges of New Hampshire—had been the recipient of a $1,000 campaign-fund contribution in 1948 from one Alfred Kohlberg. This gentleman turns out to be an ardent Chiang Kai-shek supporter who has been the "financial agent" of the American China Policy Association, which specializes in pro-Nationalist propaganda.

McCarthy has admitted that he knows Kohlberg, but he refused to confirm or deny that Kohlberg had supplied him with material upon which he relied in his guttersnipe attack upon Owen Lattimore. However, Kohlberg himself admitted what McCarthy withheld. Kohlberg has also claimed to be "intimate" with Senator William F. Knowland, of California, another State Department baiter, for whom he said that he once worked. Another slug under the stone raised by Lattimore was one William J. Goodwin, a registered lobbyist who, according to the Justice Department, "has contracted for $65,000 in less than two years from the Chinese Nationalists 'to explain to leaders of thought in the United States, including members of Congress . . . the danger of the Communist movement'." Probably this was from funds supplied by the United States. In 1936, Goodwin ran for Congress in New York with the support of Father Charles E. Coughlin's Christian Front.

Twice the discredited McCarthy has said that "he would resign his office if the time came when he would not repeat without immunity anything he said on the Senate floor." Can this latest edition of "Charlie" McCarthy, playing *vis-à-vis* "Edgar Bergen" Goodwin, be taken at his word? Will he either resign or waive his immunity? Of course not! He does not have the courage! Nor the decency! He has already deliberately overlooked several chances to prove his manliness. Doubtless he realizes that he who lies and hides away, will live to lie another day. HAROLD L. ICKES

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SPRING BOOK SECTION

ON WRITING AS A PROFESSION

by Malcolm Cowley

"How can I become a professional writer?" is the question they keep asking in a hundred different fashions. They are young men helped through college by the GI Bill of Rights or young women who have taken Professor Smithkin's course in Creating the Novel (English 207A); and now they want to work for a publishing house while writing the first book that will make each of them famous. "All I need is a job to keep me going for a while," they say. And you don't know what to tell them because, although there are many promising byways that may lead to literary recognition as if by accident, there is at present only one marked pathway open to most young writers, and it may take them to the wrong destination.

In the nineteenth century there was a better path, one that led through the printing shop of a daily or weekly newspaper. The young writer started by learning to read proof or set type, and this was sounder training for him than all the Professor Smithkins can offer their students. His work with a type-metal alphabet might give him a tactile sense of words; at the very least it would teach him how to spell and punctuate. Later he would write for the newspaper and his best stories would be reprinted so widely that magazines would begin asking for his work. This was, roughly speaking, the path to recognition that was followed by Whitman, Howells, Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Lafcadio Hearn.

After 1890 most of the newspaper printing shops were unionized and no longer offered casual employment to young men serving their literary apprenticeships. The new path to recognition led through the city room of a big-town newspaper. Dreiser, Huneker, Mencken, Stephen Crane and David Graham Phillips, in fact most of the writers who appeared between 1890 and 1915, got their start as cub reporters. But that path began to be closed, too, after the First World War, by the disappearance of many dailies and by the fiercer competition for jobs on those that remained. Later, with the founding of the Newspaper Guild, reporting ceased to be a poorly paid apprenticeship and became a career in itself.

The 1920's were the bohemian period in American literature. Young writers went to Greenwich Village or Montparnasse and lived partly on the bounty of their relatives, but chiefly by their wits. They found odd jobs, mixed their own gin, rolled their cigarettes at home and talked their way out of paying bills; but they also wrote book reviews and magazine articles and worked on their first books with the help of advances from hopeful publishers. Some of them managed to support themselves by writing almost from the day they left college.

Their successors, the young writers of the 1930's, were not so lucky or so happy-go-lucky. They came to New York at a time when the most hopeful publishers had gone bankrupt and when there were few jobs to be found—except on the expanding Luce magazines, which offered high salaries to some of them, but left them morally bewildered and with little time for independent work. After 1936, however, there was the Federal Writers' Project, which kept hundreds of young people alive while they were finishing or failing to finish their first novels.

Today there is no Writers' Project and most of the other apprenticeships to a literary career are closed or nearly closed. It is still possible for a young man to live cheaply and by his wits while somehow writing a first book; but not even this bohemian path is open to most young writers. They have wives and children to support; early marriage has become the mark of the new generation. Needing an assured income, however small it may be, hundreds of them are finding it in the universities, where they win scholarships or draw monthly checks from the Veterans' Administration and afterwards find junior posts on the faculty.

As a path to literary recognition—the only path that many young writers are able to follow—university scholarship has several disadvantages. It is a career in itself and encourages the writer to direct the best of his energies into study and teaching instead of original work. Economically it offers few rewards: the salaries for be-

REVIEWS AND ESSAYS
BY
MALCOLM COWLEY — DOUGLAS BUSH
M. L. ROSENTHAL — ALBERT Z. CARR
IRWIN EDMAN — MORTON G. WHITE
ALFRED WERNER — JOHN FARRELLY
EDWARD U. CONDON

This is the fifth in a special series of articles with which the New Republic is celebrating its thirty-fifth anniversary by commenting on various aspects of Western civilization halfway through the twentieth century. The next in the series, by Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, will deal with manners and morals.

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ginners are miserable and the long vacations are an illusion, considering that most instructors have to teach in summer schools in order to pay their bills. When they do find time for writing they are likely to feel a want of subject matter, since the universities stand a little outside the current of American life. A subtler disadvantage for writers is that academic salaries, however small, can always be depended on and thus encourage them in the fatal habit of looking for security instead of risking their careers with every new task they undertake and every book they publish. They surrender a little of their freedom and sometimes all of it. They have superiors to placate and the superiors have to worry about the board of regents and the state legislature. A rash book by a young professor might result in a diversion of funds from the English department to the medical school, or it might mean a smaller legislative appropriation for the whole university.

If the young professor writes his book in spite of everything; if he braves the disapproval of the academic community or of the larger community on which it depends; if the book is published and talked about and even has more than the average sale for a first novel, what then? Perhaps he thinks that he is launched on a career in literature; but then he reads his semi-annual royalty statements and learns that most authors can't earn a living simply by writing books.

There was a time during the war and for a year or two afterwards when writing books was for once a profession that supported hundreds. In those days a romantic novel that was chosen by one of the major book clubs and sold to Hollywood might yield its author as much as half a million dollars before he paid his income tax. There were of course very few of these bonanzas, but many books were being sold in editions of 50,000 and more. The publishing trade and the writing trade flourished together; and even the authors whose books refused to be successful could usually find jobs as staff writers for magazines or motion-picture studios. Then the literary boom ended between two seasons while American business was still at the high tide of postwar prosperity. Like the entertainment industry, publishing went into a slump from which it was slow to recover.

At present it seems to be back in a fairly stable position, with publishers complaining as usual but managing to stay in business. In spite of television and canasta, the average bookstore sale of average books—if there are any—seems to be higher than it was before the war. Book-club orders have fallen to about their 1940 level, after a period of steep decline in which the Book-of-the-Month Club lost more members than the Literary Guild. Almost the only flourishing reprint market is for 25-cent books with pictures of busty women or corpses on their shiny paper covers. Production costs of all books are much higher; they climbed more than sales did in the boom and fell only a little during the slump. The retail price of books has increased by 25 or 30 percent on the average: not nearly enough to cover the increased cost of manufacture. Authors' royalties, especially for first books, have decreased a little in percentage; but the dollar royalties are somewhat larger, on account of being based on the higher retail prices. In one respect the author's situation is unchanged. Unless he reaches the book-club audience, his income from writing books, now as before the war, is likely to be less than the earnings of a Southern mill hand. He can work a year on a book, feel happy when it is praised by the reviewers and find in the end that it hasn't earned enough in royalties to cover the $1,000 that he may have received as an advance before publication.

If he tries to balance his accounts by writing for the magazines he will find that the changes in this field have been much more sweeping than among the book publishers, who, compared with the owners of big-circulation magazines, are a group of conservative small businessmen. It was the "general" magazines that used to offer the best market to free-lance writers; but that was thirty years ago and the market has dwindled away. The *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and the *Cosmopolitan* are among the few magazines that still try to print stories and articles for all the family. Most of the other weeklies and monthlies that flourish today are appealing to some particular audience or interest; they are women's magazines, fashion magazines, picture magazines, news magazines or magazine digests. Many of them are partly or wholly staff-written by salaried authors. All except the digests print many pictures, thus cutting down the space for text. Incidentally, the market for magazine fiction has suffered much more than that for articles.

There are, however, many other sources of income for the experienced writer. If he is not employed by a public institution or a private enterprise, he is among the last of independent craftsmen. Like the consulting engineer and the attorney, he has acquired skills for which there is a public need. He has learned to work with words, attitudes, emotions and he never knows who will be the next to engage his services.

Even though his income is in the lower brackets, his tax return on March 15 is likely to be more complicated than that of many middle-sized corporations. He worked part of the time for a salary, like a clerk; he worked part of the time for fees, like a physician; and part of the time he lived like a capitalist on his Rents and Royalties. His necessary business expenses?—but they are beyond his powers of estimation and he simply potshots at them, hoping that his guess won't be too low. As for the sources of income, a typical list might run like this:

1. Five or six magazines paid him fees for writing

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articles or stories and smaller fees for writing book reviews.

2. Three publishers paid him for reporting on the literary quality and chance for success of various manuscripts, usually at $25 a report, and they may also have called him into consultation about the revision of other manuscripts.

3. Another publisher asked him to write an introduction to the new edition of a book that is on its way to becoming a classic.

4. One of the smaller book clubs gave him a monthly retainer for serving as a member of its editorial board.

5. Two broadcasting stations asked him to speak on sustaining programs that paid $50 or $75 for a 15-minute talk.

6. Several universities invited him to lecture, usually for $100 a night and traveling expenses.

7. For a week in the summer he served on the staff of a writers' conference, and had he chosen he might have made a tour of several conferences, on a sort of Chautauqua circuit.

8. Twice a year he received a report from his own publisher about the sale of books he had written in the past. There wouldn't be many dollars in his royalty account, but sums might be owed him for subsidiary rights —say for a translation into Spanish or Swedish or for a reprint by Pocket, Signet or Bantam Books.

By all these means—the author reflects as he puts his tax return into the mail—he had managed to scrape through the year. Some day he would get a windfall, a sudden check from a book club or an award from some foundation, and it would give him leisure enough to finish the long book he was planning to write.

I have been describing the situation of a fairly fortunate writer, any one of the scores or hundreds whose names are familiar to publishers and editors and college deans, but whose works have never reached a mass audience. There are other authors, younger or less known, who find it much harder simply to keep going. They work in a chaotic industry where there are no labor unions. Of course there is the Authors' Guild, which is always trying to improve the terms of publishers' contracts; but the Guild hasn't enough members to give force to its recommendations. So far it has done nothing whatever for book reviewers, translators, ghost writers or manuscript editors and revisers, and those are the fields in which many writers have to earn their precarious livings. Fees for such work have to be fixed by negotiation between a small craftsman and a not very big businessman; and the craftsman can't often be a hard bargainer. He knows that he is replaceable and that the supply of book reviewers, translators, ghost writers and manuscript editors and revisers is almost always greater than the demand for their work. The result is that he usually accepts too small a fee and writes at top speed, carelessly, in the effort to finish the job before his money runs out.

If somehow he finds time to write a book of his own and if it happens to hit the public taste, his troubles are only beginning. The second book will be harder to write and may not sell half so well. The third book, read by his publisher with a discouraged frown, may remain in manuscript—and then the Connecticut house that he bought with the proceeds of his first book will go back on the market and the no longer so young or inexperienced author will begin wondering whether he can ask for his old post on an editorial staff or a Midwestern faculty. If the statistics could ever be brought together, authorship would prove to be among the riskiest of all occupations, with a mortality higher than that among structural-steel workers or deep-sea divers. I am not thinking merely of the failures, but of the good writers who succumbed to what in many cases were occupational diseases: alcoholism, suicide, insanity; and yet each year there seem to be more young writers eager to undergo the risks of the trade.

In the class structure of American society writers have a curious position. They are generally regarded as belonging to the professional classes, on an economic level below that of doctors or lawyers and perhaps above that of university professors; yet socially they don't fit into the pattern. They don't drive the right sort of cars or live in the right part of town. They don't belong to country clubs or "service" clubs or bridge clubs or societies for civic improvement, and they have, roughly speaking, no organizations of their own.

Their neighbors, most of whom are clerks or skilled mechanics, are likely to regard them with distrust, as if they were surrounded with an atmosphere of the dangerous and the illicit. Lights burn too late in their houses and sometimes there is noisy singing behind the closed blinds. They are rumored to drink too much and to be careless about their marital obligations. The tradespeople aren't certain that they will pay their bills. The rumor gets around that they are Communists.

The distrust and vague hostility that divide writers—and intellectuals in general—from the mass of the American population have a long history behind them. At the very least they go back to grade school, where most of the future writers were the bright boys and girls who weren't very good at games and weren't invited to all the parties. It was the same in high school and later in college: on one side was the uneasy feeling of the athletes and class politicians that they weren't being sufficiently admired; on the other side was the shame of the bright boys at not being invited to join fraternities in which, as a matter of fact, they would have been unhappy. Still later in life the division that began by being

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one of temperament would take the form of opposing caste loyalties. There is no doubt on which side of American life the wealth and power lie. Only a few of the bright boys go into business or corporation law and, judging from some I have known, they seem to do so with a feeling of having betrayed their own group. Very few of them go into politics and it is only by accident that one of them is ever elected to Congress.

The distrust of intellectuals that began for many Congressmen in school days might help to explain the attitude toward the arts that is expressed on many pages of the *Congressional Record*. In one speech after another writing and painting are described by implication as unsound and possibly un-American activities. Scratch an artist, the orators seem to say, and you will undoubtedly find a Red. Any encouragement to literature and the graphic arts might become a subvention to subversion.

Notions like these, outlandish as they seem when we come across them in Congressional debates, are nothing new in American history. Except during the brief days of the Federal Arts Projects (and what a storm they raised in Congress!) the American government has done less for artists than any other government in the world, less even quantitatively than small states like Belgium and Denmark. At present it offers no prizes, medals, fellowships, honors, pensions or sinecures to writers, painters or musicians. There is exactly one official post in about two million that has to go to a practising artist; I won't name it here because some Congressman might move to abolish it, even though the funds for it are provided from a private source. In the past Congress refused to establish international copyright until 1891 and then passed the bill only because it was supported by the typographical unions. That writers also supported it was a count against this urgently needed legislation.

There are, of course, advantages in this official indifference or hostility. Partly because he receives no encouragement from the state, the American writer feels less responsibility toward the state than do most of his European colleagues, and he also has much less fear of state censorship. In a similar way his partial isolation from society gives him more freedom to do his own work and hold his own opinions (though he often feels that he would suffer economic penalties if he tried to express them in print). Besides the economic threat that hangs over him, there is another sense in which his freedom of thought and action is subject to the mass pressures of a democracy—that is, he is continually being admonished, by looks or gossip, to vote the right ticket, have the right flowers on his lawn, drive the right sort of car and cut his books to pattern. Always he is being tempted to prove his standing in society by earning more money and thereby sacrificing the quiet and the watchful indolence that his talent needs if it is to flower.

Writers in this country have no center of opinion among themselves that would help them to resist this pressure from without; I mean nothing that serves the purpose of the French literary schools. On the whole, they lead rather solitary lives. It is true that during their early twenties they tend to form groups of a dozen or more that gather in one another's rooms to drink and talk or listen to recorded music; but the groups soon dissolve as their members marry and disperse into their separate households, each with a very few close friends whom they see once or twice a week. Almost the only large gatherings of writers over thirty are when one of them publishes a book that seems to have a chance for success; then his publisher or his literary agent may give a cocktail party that serves as a rallying of the clan. In New York, where not so many writers live today as lived there twenty years ago, there is no literary café like the Flore or the Deux Magots in Paris. There are few literary salons. Edith Wharton told us that New York society had always mistrusted writers and the situation hasn't changed much since her time.

A more important lack, connected with the absence of salons and schools and literary cafés, is that of good conversation. It can be heard sometimes in Boston and more often in the South; but Americans in general are storytellers rather than conversationalists, so that an evening in company is likely to hop rather than glide along, in a series of anecdotes each followed by laughter and a silence. Enough cocktails will give the illusion of conversation, but not the reality; not the strong current of words and ideas in which a group is carried forward like swimmers in the same river. One result is that American writing, especially when it deals with ideas, seldom gives the impression of being spoken. Try reading it aloud and one finds that much of it is unpronounceable.

There are other characteristics of American literature that seem to result, not from broad economic or social forces, but from the specific situations in which writers live. Most of our serious writing, as distinguished from our magazine stories, has always tended to be eccentric or provincial; even Hawthorne and Emerson bear the marks of their isolation from good society and their partial isolation from any society, just as Faulkner and Wolfe would later bear them. In subject matter, too, American literature shows the result of isolation, since few of our authors have lived in close contact with financiers or politicians or labor leaders or simple businessmen. If many representative figures are missing from our representative novels, the reason is chiefly that the novelists preferred to write about persons with whom they were familiar. Often they chose exceptional characters who, like themselves, were outside the current of American society.

For the most part our literature has been critical of

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American society, often wisely critical, but sometimes peevish and ill-informed; it seldom speaks for the party in power. Lacking in most of our fiction have been the qualities that Matthew Arnold praised in Chaucer's poetry, which he described as having a "large, free, simple, clear yet kindly view of human life," and again as having "largeness, freedom, shrewdness, benignity." The qualities are indeed present in Whitman and Mark Twain; but elsewhere in the best American writing they are likely to be replaced by narrowness and intensity, with depth of experience compensating for its want of breadth.

There is a fact-mindedness in American life that has always produced good reporters. There is a how-mindedness, a respect for technical skill, that has made our writing almost from the beginning, and certainly from Hawthorne's day, as smooth and efficient as our engines. The skill is best shown in shorter efforts, lyrics and stories and novellas; it is something different from the imaginative grasp that unifies a long novel. In general we do not give our authors the sort of lives or the sort of recognition that would encourage them to undertake vast constructions; there are no real epics in our poetry, and except for *Moby Dick* we have produced very few epics in prose.

The American Soul and the Brave Historian

by Morton G. White

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, professor of History at Columbia, has written a book which draws on American philosophy, literature, economics, theology, political theory, jurisprudence, architecture and sociology, to say nothing of the staples of academic history. It is a courageous book; courageous enough to harrow a pedant with fear and wonder.

THE AMERICAN MIND, by Henry Steele Commager (Yale University Press; $5).

Commager has bravely exposed himself to snipers of all varieties—from those who will shake their heads at his philosophic interpretations to those who will be horrified by his sociological bravado and his literary taste. He has tried to give us no less than a picture and critique of certain aspects of American culture from the 1880's to the present. He has made a daring leap, and while some may watch him hopefully and breathlessly, others (there are always others) will be taking potshots at him from their comfortable holes and nests, venturing nothing and losing nothing.

The book begins and concludes with surveys of "the American's" mind and character in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His psychology is sketched twice with essentially the same results. The American is optimistic; he thinks America is the most favored of all countries; his culture is predominantly material; his thinking is quantitative, experimental and practical. He is amiable and affectionate. Puritanism lingers on in his recognition of the dignity of the individual; his idealism has not given way to a philosophy of despair. His patriotism has become neither complicated nor sophisticated; he reveres his flag and Constitution and he professes and practises democracy, equality and liberty as well as anyone else. "All that can be said with certainty is that twentieth century civilization was more complex than nineteenth," ventures Commager in a burst of caution. But when he relaxes again, he confidently reminds us of a few changes in the substantial soul of America. Our nineteenth-century optimism has been somewhat tempered; we are less zealous for the future and more concerned with the past; our tendency toward conformity has increased, particularly in politics, where the author regrets our growing intolerance of independence and dissent.

There are other reflections, and while some of them are more penetrating, few of them transcend the level of what I have just reported. Moreover, they have little to do with Commager's greatest contribution. He makes this in the middle chapters, where he presents an impressive survey of what the college catalogues call intellectual history in America. Unfortunately the character sketches that flank it are not so impressive. If anything, they delay our understanding of Commager's real achievement, like the steps, statues and lions that delay our entry into libraries.

The book's great virtues are its richness and breadth. Commager writes about Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. without forgetting Roscoe Pound, and he treats Veblen without neglecting Lester Ward. John Dewey comes in the wake of William James and alongside Santayana and Royce, while Turner and Parrington lend background and foreground to the discussion of Beard. The new political theory is linked with political history and the new jurisprudence is related to the development of American law. The same is true of his discussion of religion and architecture.

There are two comments which I would like to make on this part of the book without enrolling myself in the company of the do-nothing snipers, for I admire many things that Commager has done.

The first concerns his reflections on the philosophical background of some of the movements he discusses. During the nineties, he tells us, "The neat, orderly universe of the Enlightenment—a universe governed by laws whose nature could be discovered by man—was disintegrating under the blows of Darwinian evolution, the new physics, and the new biology."

Leaving aside Commager's reference to the effect of the new physics in the nineties, which I cannot understand, it must be said that the reference to Darwin is at least misleading. The effect of Darwin's work on most American thinkers was to fortify and not to undermine the belief that lawful regularity prevailed throughout nature, since Darwin had presumably extended its sway to man himself. It was the search for a "theory of cumulative sequence" that distinguished the evolutionary economics of the Darwinist Veblen. And when Commager lists William James's *Principles of Psychology*, Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*, and Brooks Adams' *Law of Civilization and Decay* as rejecting the Enlightenment's search for regularities and theories in favor of "useful facts" and "empirical understanding," I think the very titles refute him.

The revolt of the nineties in social thought was not in the name of raw empiricism. The rebels revered Darwin for his theoretical doctrine of natural selection as well as for his factual discovery

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of evolution. Their rejection of Spencer's determinism was based on their conviction that *his* "natural laws" could be interfered with, and not on any wholesale rejection of causal determination in human affairs, because they saw that human intervention was itself a case of *effecting* something. Whatever else may be said of their dynamism and their rejection of so-called static analysis, these did not entail a denial of the belief in regularity in human behavior. When Holmes construed the law as a body of predictions of what the courts will do, he testified sufficiently to his belief in determinism in human affairs.

My second comment concerns some of Commager's literary estimates. He confesses his admiration for Parrington, another index of his courage. Surely the anti-Parrington crusade has gone too far, and it is good to see him praised by someone who is at the same time willing to revise some of his literary judgments. But, unfortunately, this appeasement of the admirers of Henry James is more than outbalanced by Commager's peevish pronouncements on the "cult of the irrational" in one of the saddest parts of the book. The most incredible criteria of literary value are used in an attack on Caldwell, Farrell, Hemingway, O'Neill and Pound, to mention only a few. "The men and women who indulge their natural instincts so riotously in [their] pages . . . are as amoral as animals," says Commager.

First of all this is a caricature, and second, it is surprising to find Commager so hostile toward these writers while he admires the great social scientists who escaped the sleazy moralism of their predecessors. It is also strange to find Commager attacking the literary figures of the twenties for being unsure of their moral standards, because when he comes to assess the changes in the American character, our confident moralist says: "To suggest that the modifications were either for better or worse implies the existence of a moral standard; all that can be said with assurance is that the modifications were, in important respects, departures from what had seemed the nineteenth century norm."

When the great European historians of the nineteenth century decided to break out of the confines of political and military chronicle, they imposed a tremendous task on their successors. The historian now assumed a role of encyclopedist in an age that was abandoning encyclopedism everywhere else. While philosophy, that last refuge of omniscience, became deflationary and antiseptic, history became more and more ambitious. Commager's book bears witness to this development. But he has accepted no easy job, and under the Damocles' sword that hangs over all encyclopedists, he has written one of the most serious histories of American thought since Parrington.

Morton G. White, author of Social Thought in America, published by the Viking Press, is an assistant professor of Philosophy at Harvard University.

Shakespeare the Man and the Dramatist

by Douglas Bush

HARRY LEVIN once remarked that the writing of books on Melville had superseded the whaling industry, and the mere reading of books on Shakespeare has of late become a career in itself.

"SHAKESPEARE" IDENTIFIED IN EDWARD DE VERE, THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD, by J. Thomas Looney. With an Introduction by William McFee (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $5).

SERGEANT SHAKESPEARE, by Duff Cooper (Viking Press; $2.50).

SHAKESPEARE: A BIOGRAPHY AND AN INTERPRETATION, by Ivor Brown (Doubleday; $4).

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON, by Marchette Chute (Dutton; $4).

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS DATED, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Leslie Hotson (Oxford University Press; $4).

THE POPULACE IN SHAKESPEARE, by Brents Stirling (Columbia University Press; $3).

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGIC FRONTIER: THE WORLD OF HIS FINAL TRAGEDIES, by Willard Farnham (University of California Press; $3.75).

SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDY, by Thomas Marc Parrott (Oxford University Press; $6.50).

HAMLET'S FATHER, by Richard Flatter (Yale University Press; $3.75).

But, since every book has certainly come from, and may possibly lead to, fresh study of the plays, such productivity is all, or nearly all, to the good. The works listed here are only a random fraction of the recent crop, and they do not seem to reveal any distinctive "trend," though they exemplify the old fact that Shakespeare draws books no less from amateurs than from professional scholars, and that the latter as well as the former seek to interest the general reader. That, too, is all to the good.

Of the four biographical books two can be disposed of briefly. The late J. T. Looney's volume, first published in 1920, is now reissued—on the ground, it appears, of public demand—with a blessing from William McFee, who ranks the author with Darwin. The reprint cannot be said to illustrate the survival of the fittest. Looney, as most people know, thinks the plays were written by Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and his theory seems to have impressed a number of people who might have been expected to have a rudimentary knowledge of the greatest of poets and of the nature of anti-Stratfordian "evidence." One of the interesting assertions on the jacket is that this "proof" has never been refuted; no one, I believe, has ever refuted the notion that the moon is made of green cheese.

Sir Duff Cooper argues (if that is not too strong a word), from the amount of military business and language in the plays, that Shakespeare had been a soldier. As the publishers candidly say, it is possible to find internal evidence for any number of careers for Shakespeare. A retired diplomat might well have put his leisure to worse uses than in writing this pleasant essay, though perhaps not many of us will have the leisure for reading it.

The two biographies by Ivor Brown and Marchette Chute are, in different ways, attractive pictures of the man and his world. Brown, an Oxonian, dramatic critic and miscellaneous writer, is no seasoned Elizabethan expert. He feels obliged to take periodical account of the anti-Stratfordian tribe; and, following the erratic guidance of Frank Har-

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ris, he sees Shakespeare haunted by the Dark Lady. But Brown has learned a good deal from the despised professors and presents his chunks of knowledge, combined with his personal reading of Shakespeare, with journalistic liveliness and an active sense of the theatre. His purpose "is to discover the man behind the writing and to extract his motives, passions, frustrations, despairs, triumphs, and delights" from contemporary evidence and from Shakespeare's words. There is almost no general commentary on the plays, unless we except "Antony and Cleopatra"; the large amount of incidental comment is by way of elucidating Shakespeare the man, whom the author does not see as a church warden. On the whole, his portrait is likely enough, though the poetic halo is not always visible.

Miss Chute's book (a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club) is no less readable than Brown's, but it is a more substantial, well-rounded and satisfying piece of work. Miss Chute has not got up her subject; she has lived with it. Her aim is to show Shakespeare as his contemporaries saw him, to record his private life and literary career so far as early documentary evidence allows. This last rule cannot be too rigidly observed, but presumptive evidence and speculation are kept at a scholarly minimum and the legends, which generally bulk large in popular biographies, are assessed in an appendix. While Miss Chute does not splash about the gaudy pigments beloved of the amateur, her quest of plain truth does not lack color. What we know about Shakespeare is sifted and chronicled with care, but his story is filled out with an authentic background composed of details gathered from a wide range of contemporary sources. We get plenty of information, conveyed with skill and imagination and some quiet humor, not only about the theatre but about tithes, lawsuits, the buying of property, the everyday actualities in which the thrifty bourgeois poet was so much involved. For readers who want biography and not romance, this is a good book.

Leslie Hotson's volume places itself about halfway between the biographical and the critical. His various notable discoveries have shown him to possess a divining-rod whose two forks might be said to be erudition and intuition, and he always imparts his own relish of his adventures. Much of the new book is given to non-controversial essays, on Ancient Pistol, the Mermaid Tavern, and other topics, in which research and gusto bring bits of Elizabethan England to life. But one is bound to fix on the title-essay, which has been much debated in England and the United States. Dr. Hotson would move the composition of Shakespeare's sonnets back to 1589, on the strength of topical allusions that he finds in sonnets 107, 123 and 124. His main arguments can be only briefly summarized.

Matty for One

WITH HIS tireless scholarship and his breadth and generosity of spirit, F. O. Matthiessen left his mark in many fields. He was the author of that indispensable work, *The American Renaissance*, and of book-length essays on Sarah Orne Jewett, T. S. Eliot and Henry James. There was a single conception that held together his critical writings. Inspired by the early work of Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford, he had joined in their search for a usable tradition in American literature; and he thought he had found it in the writers of the "great line" that runs from Hawthorne through James to Eliot. At the same time he recognized another tradition, that of social realism, and during the last year of his life he had been writing a book about Theodore Dreiser.

He was not only a critic but a born teacher and as such he occupied a special position on the Harvard faculty. The usual complaint against Harvard by its graduates is that the professors are more interested in acquiring knowledge and printing it in the scholarly journals than they are in imparting it to their students. "That's the trouble with most of them," the complainers say, "but of course there are a few brilliant scholars who also love to teach. There's Matty for one" . . . and they disagree in naming the others. Matty for one communicated his love of learning to a line of able students who are now teaching in universities over the country.

It was three of Matthiessen's students who founded the Seminar in American Studies at Salzburg, in Austria, where Matthiessen taught for two or three summers. That was another of his many interests, besides criticism, pedagogy, teachers' unions, canoeing, socialism and Anglican theology. He wanted to teach and learn from European students, for in that way, so it seemed to him, he could help to reopen the channels of human communication that had been closed by international hatred, censorship and propaganda.

Sometimes he pictured his function in life as that of being a footpath or a bridge between hostile groups or different ideals of life: between faculty and students, between teaching and doing, between scholarship and the struggles of the contemporary world, between Eastern Europe and the West, between Christianity and socialism. "The only healthy state for the critic and scholar," he once said, "is to keep breaking down all the barriers of segregation and false privilege that shut him away from the fullest participation in the life of the community." Speaking to his students at Salzburg, he said, "We have come here to enact anew the chief function of culture and humanism, to bring man again into communication with man." He must have smiled wrily when he heard some of his Czech friends say that their country, too, was a channel of communication, a bridge between East and West, and that the fate of a bridge was to be walked on.

Matthiessen was walked on like a bridge by most of the reviewers when he published his travel diary, *From the Heart of Europe*. What was warm and candid in his appeal for international understanding they dismissed as being politically naïve; and they abused him for showing too much sympathy with Communism. There were demands that he be forced to resign from the Harvard faculty. It was not, however, these personal attacks that led to his suicide on the early morning of April 1. With his passion for understanding between man and man, he was opposed to the policies that both sides had been following in the cold war: to the tyranny in Eastern Europe and to the hysteria that affected his own country. At a friend's house the night before, he had been talking dejectedly about Senator McCarthy's charges in Congress and about the trial of Harry Bridges. "I have been depressed by conditions throughout the world for many months," he said in the note he left behind him. "I am a Christian and I also am a Socialist. I believe firmly in international peace." He was a victim of the cold war caught, as it were, between the lines and destroyed like other channels of communication.

—M. C.

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They start with that great crux, sonnet 107:

> The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
> And the sad augurs mock their own presage.

The first line, if taken topically, has commonly been referred to a crisis in the life of Queen Elizabeth. Hotson revives, with fresh support, Samuel Butler's idea that the line refers to the defeat of the Armada, which had advanced in crescent or "moon" formation. He can show that "moon" was so used of the Spanish fleet (though "our terrene moon" in "Antony and Cleopatra" surely cannot allude to Antony's fleet), and that many prophecies had made 1588 a year of wonders and perhaps of the end of the world. But such items seem to fall considerably short of proof that Shakespeare wrote the sonnet in 1589, even if he had the Armada in mind, and other known or unknown possibilities remain. The unimaginative reader may be still less persuaded that the "pyramids" of Time in sonnet 123 are famous obelisks set up in Rome by Sixtus V in 1586-89, or that sonnet 124 mirrors the clash in 1588 between Henry III of France and the Duke of Guise. One may admire the author's bold ingenuity without being convinced by his arguments. Moreover, if "Shakespeare's power had reached maturity by the time he was no more than twenty-five years old," how do we explain the pretty poor plays he was just beginning to write?

Brents Stirling is concerned with the old question, often too summarily posed and answered, of Shakespeare's attitude toward the populace and the governing classes: was he anti-democratic, a political snob? In several chapters he shows why the question cannot be put in modern terms, establishes a proper critical context, and reviews the mob scenes in the plays and various modern interpretations of the playwright's attitude. The longest section assembles a mass of evidence from Elizabethan writings, sermons and the like, which shows their authors' urgent effort to discredit political and religious dissent in the interest of the status quo, and their habit of linking the popular revolts of history with contemporary nonconformity. Such propaganda conditioned writers, playgoers and readers, and the conservative attitude was shared by those writers who, like Shakespeare and Spenser, were not of upper-class origin. Stirling, having the eventual Civil War in mind, concentrates upon fear of Puritan extremists and especially the Anabaptists, the Communists of the age. He might have made it clearer that Roman Catholic plots were a frequent cause of real danger, and that, in general, the perils of sedition were not merely a propagandist bogey. If small Protestant England was to survive in the face of great foreign combinations, it was necessary that every effort be made to preserve order and unity within the state and to suppress possible fifth columns. However, Stirling's treatment of the whole problem, in special relation to Shakespeare, is careful and discriminating.

In his *Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* (1936), Willard Farnham showed how Shakespeare's conception of a tragic hero with an inward flaw emerged from the medieval conception of external calamity. Now, in a sequel, he studies a further phase of Shakespeare's development, a view that gives modern complexity to the later tragedies: "Timon," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus." While Brutus, Hamlet, Othello and Lear do wrong, they command our entire sympathy because they are so thoroughly noble: "Brutus and Hamlet have a consuming desire to further the cause of right, and Othello and Lear suffer the tortures of remorse when they realize the wrong they have done." But Timon, Macbeth, Antony (and Cleopatra) and Coriolanus are not doers of duty or repenters for wrong done; all four are self-centered individualists whose souls are partly corrupt. It follows that—except in "Macbeth," where the forces of good and evil do contend—there are in these plays no distinct representatives of evil, no villains; the heroes are betrayed by what is false within. And their good and bad qualities are so mixed that they are not amenable to the relatively clear-cut moral judgments that could be given of the earlier heroes; Antony's love for Cleopatra, for instance, is part of his worst self, but also part of his best, and so is her love for him. These protagonists evoke both sympathy and antipathy; in "Coriolanus" Shakespeare risks complete alienation of sympathy.

This general view Farnham develops in an introductory chapter, and he finds parallel attitudes in Chapman, Webster, and Donne (his Shakespearean argument is not weakened by what seems to me a mistaken, though common, reading of Chapman). The thesis is worked out in detail in chapters on the four plays. No one, I think, has stated the thesis so clearly before, through analysis of these plays as a group, and it is highly illuminating. Also, in each chapter the author takes full account of the literary and ethical tradition concerning the characters that Shakespeare inherited, and thereby illustrates concretely the changes his interpretations inspired.

Shakespearean Comedy, by the distinguished veteran of Elizabethan dramatic studies, T. M. Parrott, is a full, solid, orthodox book which covers more than its title might suggest. The first three chapters give a sketch of English comedy from the Biblical plays to Shakespeare, and the main part embraces not only the comedies proper but the comic elements in the histories and tragedies, the problem comedies and the final romances. The book is intended for general readers, and especially, it may be supposed, for that large body of general readers taking college courses.

Richard Flatter, the German translator and critic of Shakespeare, and a playwright, may speak with authority; but he himself begins by recognizing that most of us are increasingly resistant to books on "Hamlet," and his book is for unwearied specialists. Among other things, he makes a good deal of Hamlet's obligation to learn the extent of his mother's guilt (was connivance at murder added to adultery?); and he argues that, just as Hamlet was on the point of finding out, the Ghost intervened, forgave the guilty woman, induced his son to forgive her, and returned to his grave, leaving the son to face the final consequences of an impossible task. The play may represent "the triumph of even-handed justice and of all-forgiving love combined," but we may still wish that Shakespeare had made his total intention clearer.

Douglas Bush, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author, among other books, of Paradise Lost in Our Time and Science and English Poetry, published this month.

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Velikovsky's Catastrophe

by Edward U. Condon

THE AUTHOR of *Worlds in Collision* has studied nearly all of the sciences except astronomy at the Universities of Edinburgh, Moscow, Berlin, Zurich and Vienna. He represents himself as believing that valuable contributions to astronomy can be based on a study of the mythology and folklore of early peoples.

Following this method, he arrives at the view that the planet Jupiter, some 34 centuries ago, erupted and spontaneously emitted from itself a comet which, moving in an elliptical orbit about the sun, subsequently experienced several collisions with the Earth. These encounters gave rise to various catastrophic occurrences of the kind usually ascribed, in primitive legends, to the wrath of the gods.

WORLDS IN COLLISION, by Immanuel Velikovsky (Macmillan; $4.50).

Then some time about 26 centuries ago, the author says he believes, the Earth was spared further recurrences of this trouble; the comet sideswiped the planet Mars, was knocked into a more or less circular orbit, and thereupon transformed itself into the planet Venus. This beneficial result (at least from a terrestrial point of view) was accompanied, however, by some further direct disturbances on Earth due to proximity of the planet Mars.

Velikovsky's method of study leads him to ascribe objective truth to many of the colorful events in ancient literature which have long been widely regarded as metaphor or poetic exaggeration. Thus he accepts as literal fact the report that the sun stood still for Joshua. This striking example of divine intervention, it will be recalled, is said to have taken place during one of those Old Testament battles in which the Lord took sides against the Canaanite kings. Reading in the book of Joshua that ". . . the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them. . . ." Velikovsky is apparently as unwilling as the modernists to concede that God had anything directly to do with the assault. He interprets the Biblical reference as evidence that the Earth was passing through the tail of a comet at the time. This, he believes, resulted in a rain of meteorites which killed the Canaanites (but not their adversaries—an early example of pinpoint bombing) and somehow, by their impact on it, stopped the Earth's rotation. We are not told how the Earth gets spinning again.

Plato and Herodotus, among others, have written about times when the sun is supposed to have risen in the west and set in the east. In fact, Herodotus has the Earth reversing its rotation in this way about four times in all. Velikovsky finds in these citations further proof that the Earth's rotational motion was greatly deranged by an impact with the comet-which-later-became-Venus.

Because comets' tails are known to contain hydrocarbon gases, the author believes that this accounts for legendary reports of various rains of "water of fire," including a report of "a rain of bitumen and of a sticky substance" in an old Mexican legend. Some pages farther on the same situation gives rise, not to a rain of hydrocarbons, but of carbohydrates, which are sweet and good to eat. Thus we are given a "rational" explanation of the manna which is said to have fallen from heaven.

Altogether, there are 400 pages of this sort of thing, in which the author undertakes to de-supernaturalize not only many of the Old Testament stories, but much of the religious literature of the Mexicans, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Siberians and various tribes of American Indians as well. One may expect that quite a number of gods will be seriously displeased if his book comes to their attention.

The physical, chemical and astronomical statements which Velikovsky makes, however, are all so completely at variance with known principles, that this reviewer finds it much easier to believe that the events in question really were caused by the direct intervention of

His collected essays range from Tacitus to Kinsey, from Mark Twain to Freud

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these various gods than that they happened in the circumstances which Velikovsky invents for their correlation.

It is hard to believe that the author and the publishers mean the book to be taken seriously. If it is a hoax, it is an extraordinarily good one, and if it is later revealed to be a hoax, it will be interesting to learn which of the persons so far involved are the hoaxers and which the hoaxed. For *Worlds in Collision* has had an adroitly managed build-up which has made it something of a conversation-piece before publication.

The build-up started several years ago with a glowing account in his paper by John O'Neill, science editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, followed this year by an article in *Harper's* for January. Adapted excerpts from the book appeared in *Collier's* in February and March. Then Fulton Oursler presented an elaborate preview of Velikovsky's cosmology in the March *Reader's Digest*. Oursler's reader's digestion is so adequate that none but the specialist will need to go to the book itself. It starts off with a dictum by that noted authority on celestial mechanics and genetics, Clifton Fadiman, in which the opinion is ventured that this book "may be as epochal as the *Origin of Species* of Darwin or the *Principia* of Newton."

Some of the things that are being said about the book are even more charming examples of gobbledegook than those usually found in its native habitat of Washington. Thus Oursler remarks, "How strange all this would seem to Clarence Darrow, and equally to William Jennings Bryan, if they could know." Yes, I quite agree. Likewise, I find myself agreeing with Gordon Atwater's statement in the blurb on the dust cover that "the author . . . has gone beyond what might normally be expected of a single individual."

Yea, verily.

Edward U. Condon is the Director of the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C.

In Memoriam Heinrich Mann

by Alfred Werner

FOR THE MAJORITY of American readers Heinrich Mann is, or was, just the older brother of Thomas Mann. A few may recall that one of Heinrich's satirical novels was used as the plot of "The Blue Angel," a pre-Hitler German motion picture starring Marlene Dietrich and the late Emil Jannings. But this vanguard movie, while it brought Miss Dietrich to the attention of the American public, did little to spread the novelist's fame across the Atlantic. Therefore, when the newspapers recorded last month the death in Santa Monica, California, of the 79-year-old refugee writer, listing the large number of his works available in English, many readers must have been dismayed by their ignorance.

In the Germany of 1900-33 Heinrich Mann was at least as popular as his brother: in the industrial centers his realistic social novels were in greater demand than the more subtle and sophisticated prose of Thomas. Nor was this admiration confined to his own country; in France the popularity of the bilingual Francophile, Heinrich Mann, the disciple of Stendhal, Balzac and Zola, exceeded that of any other German author. In 1927 the Sorbonne honored this atypical German by inviting him to lecture on his favorite topic, the "intellectual Locarno," the demilitarization of the spirit. Even as late as January, 1933, during Hitler's chancellorship, Heinrich Mann still had the courage to publish a "Supra-National Manifesto" setting forth his desire to see all nations merged in one great unit and including this bold remark: "A man can no longer serve a single country; whoever says he can do so, *is* lying." A short time later, at a reception in Berlin, the French ambassador casually offered the writer his help, whenever it might be required. Taking the hint, the Manns moved to France.

Heinrich Mann has frequently been hailed as "the German Zola." As long ago as the end of the last century, while living in Rome, he determined to write social novels because "German society does not know itself. It falls into layers which do not know one another, and the ruling class hides behind clouds." In 1900 the 29-year-old Heinrich, son of a Lübeck senator and a Brazilian woman, published what has been referred to as an epoch-making book: *In the Land of Cockaigne*, a volume written in a daringly caustic, anti-romantic style. It tells the story of a shrewd and unscrupulous provincial German, Andrew Zumsee, who goes to Berlin to

Walter Winchell

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By ARNOLD FORSTER

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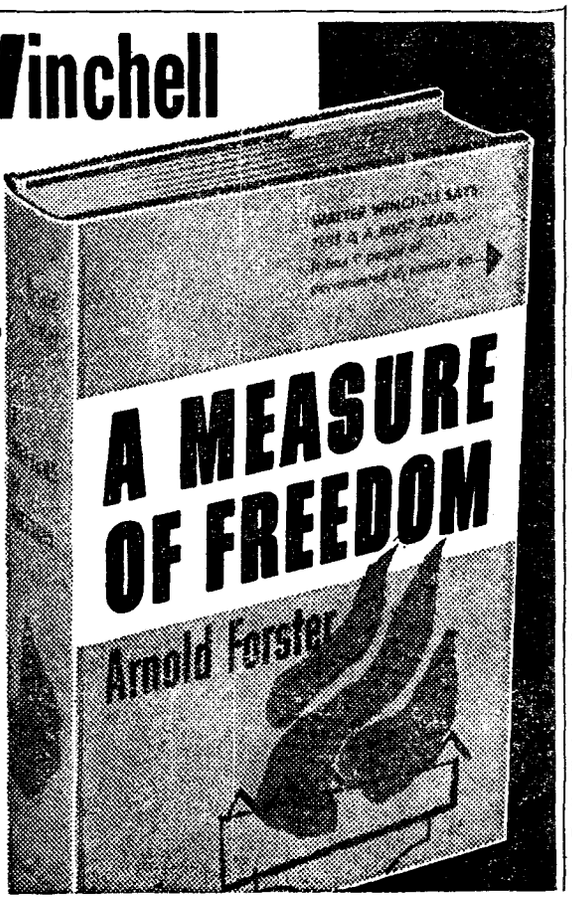

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conquer this fabulous city of wealth and corruption. The sinister figure of this cold-blooded adventurer who aspired to rule a metropolis, with its political freebooters and fat profiteers, its courtesans and clowns, its big fleas and lesser fleas, is still, after five decades, likely to haunt the reader's imagination. Was not Hitler an Andrew Zumsee in the field of power politics? Is not the type to be found in today's New York and Washington, Mexico City and Buenos Aires?

Heinrich Mann surpassed his colleagues in political clairvoyance and astuteness. At a time when his younger brother was still nostalgically evoking the faded glamor of a Hanseatic patrician family, Heinrich, foreseeing catastrophe, worked for the disintegration of the Kaiserreich, with its militarism and bureaucracy. *Der Untertan*, the first volume of a trilogy, jeering at the official patriotism, was serialized in a periodical; but in the fateful month of August, 1914, the German General Staff forbade the publication of further installments. Published in book form only after the collapse of the Hohenzollern regime, the volume sold more than 100,000 copies in a few weeks. Republican Germany could laugh at the manufacturer, Diederich Hessling, the coarse brute who bullies his fellow townsmen and tries to imitate His Imperial Highness. The novel was published in the United States twice, under two titles. In 1921, it was issued as *The Patrioteer* and the critics praised it as a vigorous attempt to expose the recently defunct Kaiserreich. Twenty-four years later, Mann's muckraking novel was resuscitated as *Little Superman*, and a new generation recognized in Herr Hessling the "chilling archetype of a German who made and accepted the Nazi tyranny."

But Heinrich Mann did not limit himself to lampooning capitalist society; he was also an artist, attracted by the emotions of men and women. Thus he wove three long novels around the fictitious Duchess of Assy, a temperamental, modern Renaissance woman; thus he created a little-known, enchanting tale of the invasion of a small pre-Fascist Italian city by a theatrical troupe, and the romantic desires consequently aroused in its simple inhabitants. Yet his social conscience was too strong to allow him to pretend that the longing for poetry, beauty, art and music can be fulfilled before man's more urgent needs are satisfied. It is significant that as a *Leitmotif* for a volume of essays he borrowed an ironic couplet from the eighteenth-century idealistic author Lessing to whom he may have felt as closely kin as his brother did to the great egotist Goethe:

I'm glad to know, sir, that you are a poet,
But is that all you are, sir? What a pity.

Even when Mann delved into history, he selected figures and eras critical to the development of mankind. In two powerful novels he dealt with the first Bourbon king of France, the wise Henri IV who endeavored to reconcile Catholics and Protestants, to avoid warfare, and increase his subjects' happiness. Earlier, in the expressionist style he temporarily adopted around 1914, he created the moving, dynamic figure of Madame Legros, the humble wife of a Paris stocking-knitter: aroused by a letter, smuggled to her by a prisoner of the Bastille, she becomes instrumental in the storming of this old jail, and thus in fomenting the Revolution.

Frequently this extremely versatile writer interrupted work on major projects to contribute political articles to the press, or to deliver highly controversial lectures. When, during World War I, the majority of German writers were gripped by a hysterical wish to see German arms conquer the world, the older Mann continued to be the implacable foe of imperialism and annexationism. He dared to write for an overtly anti-militarist magazine published in Switzerland. During World War I the author was bitterly attacked by his own brother, who characterized him as a lover of morbid Latin "civilization" as opposed to the lofty German Kultur. But as time passed the bourgeois esthete Thomas gradually moved in the direction of his brother's "Left-of-Center" ideals, and when their country succumbed to the curse of Nazism, the brothers, exiled and ostracized by Germany's new leaders, were united in their fight against the common enemy, Fascism.

To the very end in Germany, Heinrich Mann strove to mobilize progressive intellectuals for a last-ditch fight against the forces of darkness, in an

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attempt to establish a "dictatorship of reason." Ousted as president of the Department of Poetry of the Prussian Academy of Art, deprived of his German citizenship, victimized by the burning of his books, Heinrich Mann waged a total war for eight years against Hitler from France. It was only late in 1940 that he and his wife decided to flee to Spain, and thence, aided by the Emergency Rescue Committee, to the United States.

Are Heinrich Mann's works still worth reading? Would he be better known in this country if there had been no Thomas Mann to overshadow him? I suggest a reading of such masterworks as *In the Land of Cockaigne, Small Town Tyrant* (in the first English translation called *The Blue Angel*), *Little Superman, Young Henry of Navarre* and *Henry, King of France*, not only for the sociological and historical information they offer, but also because they are superbly told by a master of irony who at times reaches the heights of Swift, Dickens and Anatole France. Those who can read him in the original will notice that there is still work for translators and publishers, especially on his brilliant short stories.

A widower, without children, his eyesight sadly impaired, this tall, white-haired, blue-eyed intellectual lived a secluded, frustrated life during the last few years. Underrated or unappreciated in America, he learned that his works were being reissued and again eagerly read in his native land. Despite his advanced age and his poor health, and although friends tried to dissuade him, he had accepted an invitation tendered by the government of Eastern Germany to come to Berlin and head the new German Academy of Literature to be opened in the late spring. Death nullified these plans and cut short his projected autobiography with its survey of a defunct era. The world, and the group of German emigrés in particular, are now the poorer. In an era of hollow men and turncoats, Heinrich Mann was unfailing and untiring in his espousal of an active and vigorous European humanism.

Alfred Werner, a native of Vienna, is the author of several volumes of criticism and has contributed studies of German life and letters to Commentary, the Saturday Review, the New York Times, and other publications here and abroad.

Roosevelt and the Isolationists

by Albert Z. Carr

THE GENUS ISOLATIONIST, while by no means extinct, has undergone a marked mutation. Where once the large, flatfooted species *Republicanus Borah* roamed the Senate, roaring "No foreign entanglements," today simian McCarthys and Hickenloopers swing from hearing to hearing with shrill cries, leaving a trail of broken reputations behind them. This deterioration in type does not conceal the fact that the spirit of isolationism is still very much alive; and the need to combat that destructive spirit gives special importance to Basil Rauch's penetrating book. A vigorous account of Franklin D. Roosevelt's effort to lead the American people out of the wilderness of isolationism, a crushing reply to those bitter historians—the late Charles A. Beard especially—who falsely charged Roosevelt with inconsistency and bad faith in the conduct of our foreign affairs, the book also carries a moral for the present Administration. No one can read of Roosevelt's unsleeping endeavor to help the American people distinguish between real dangers and bogies without thinking of the position in which President Truman finds himself. To prevent our evolving foreign policy from being totally destroyed by ruthless Congressional demagogues playing on ancient prejudices, Roosevelt had to give continuous personal guidance to the people. Can Truman afford to do less?

ROOSEVELT: FROM MUNICH TO PEARL HARBOR, by Basil Rauch (Creative Age Press; $4.50).

Rauch tells dispassionately how, in the period which might be called our Cold War with the Axis powers, Roosevelt's enemies repeatedly blocked his attempts to prevent a European explosion. Part of their eagerness to render the President impotent in foreign affairs, he reminds us, grew out of their determination to tear down the domestic program of the New Deal. In Rauch's words: "The great mass of isolationists was simply conservative, and the main body of isolationist propaganda was designed to fortify the conservative temper." Anti-Communist slogans were of course not so effective in Roosevelt's time as today, but then as now isolationist leaders used their attacks on the Administration's foreign policy to distract attention from the reactionary character of their own economic program.

During most of the 1930's the isolationists in Congress were aided by the cynicism and weakness of the governments then ruling England and France, and Roosevelt, for all his persuasiveness, was able to make little headway against them. Nevertheless, the President succeeded in educating enough Americans to the nature of the mounting crisis to save England from defeat when war came and to make possible the eventual victory of the United Nations. Although he could not preserve the peace of the world, his efforts constituted what Rauch calls "his most constructive and honorable failure."

The facts which Rauch adduces, while for the most part not new, vividly recall the days when American isolationists let themselves become tools of the Axis dictators. They forced the retention of a Neutrality Act which hamstrung our Department of State. They encouraged a policy of appeasement in England and France. By convincing the Japanese government that we were too uncertain and divided to fight an all-out war, they did much to invite the attack at Pearl Harbor, for which they later tried to blame Roosevelt. They could not dominate the President, but they prevented him from taking the realistic steps by which the aggressions of the Axis powers might have been stopped short of war.

Two passages of the book reveal the frightful peril into which this country can be pushed by a few blindly willful men in the Senate. Most Americans have now forgotten that on May 16, 1933, when the Geneva Disarmament Conference was meeting, Roosevelt sent an "Appeal to the Nations," proposing the "complete elimination of all offensive weapons." Although then new in office and nearly swamped by a sea of domestic woes, he showed acute awareness of the danger which had come to the world with Hitler's rise to power, and his appeal was designed to offset

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the German demand for "equality of arms." The next day, Hitler addressed the Reichstag. He had been expected to make one of his usual violent speeches and to disrupt the Geneva Conference. Instead, he was surprisingly conciliatory, creating the impression that he had decided to tread carefully until he could estimate the consequences of a rejection of the President's appeal.

At that time the discriminatory arms embargo stood in the way of American aid to foreign victims of aggression. The one action by the American government which Hitler had to fear was the repeal of this disastrous measure. Repeal, as an obvious move toward collective security, had been urged by President Hoover before he left office, and with Roosevelt's endorsement had become a bipartisan project. On the very day of Hitler's speech, Secretary of State Hull strongly urged the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to lift the embargo. Here was one of those invisible crises of history which can occur with little regard from the people—not to speak of comprehension. The committee refused Hull's request. At that moment hope of organizing the democratic nations to stop Hitlerism before it gained momentum was shattered. Immediately afterward Germany left the Conference and began to arm for war.

That was our first chance to prevent the Second World War, and a few little-minded, big-voiced Senators killed it. The last chance came after Munich, more than five years later. Early in 1939, the Administration again urged the Senate committee to repeal the arms embargo, because, in Hull's phrase, it was "an incitement to Hitler to go to war." The committee postponed action. Congress contented itself with a large increase in funds for armament —a move supported by the isolationist bloc and obviously made in anticipation of war and in the belief that the United States was in danger. Yet, as Rauch points out, "at the same time . . . they [the isolationists] voted against revision of the Neutrality Act on the grounds that war in Europe was not imminent and the United States was not in danger."

The President tried again, in a dramatic special message to Congress, to obtain reconsideration of his request for revision. To no avail: the sensational and unscrupulous fight of the isolationist Senators headed by Borah and Nye to prevent repeal of the arms embargo in July, 1939, is one of the more shameful blots on the Senate record in this century. A few weeks later Soviet Russia made its cynical non-aggression pact with Hitler, the German army invaded Poland, and the war began. Then and only then, under the hammering of public opinion, the Senate isolationists were forced to yield, and the embargo was lifted.

As Congress failed to respond in time to the crisis, so did the press. Says Rauch:

A strange journalistic phenomenon . . . was the endless harping on the theme: "We have no foreign policy." Editorial writers, columnist-savants and plain journalists were . . . preoccupied with the game of trying to expose "secrets" of Roosevelt's administration. . . . Their preoccupation with secrets seemed to blind them to the existence of the obvious public steps Roosevelt took to lead the country to an epochal new foreign policy.

For "secrets" read "spies," and today President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson might fairly make the same complaint.

In replying to Beard and other isolationist writers, Rauch serves as counsel for Roosevelt's defense, and at times digresses to explain away charges which no longer seem very important. The cumulative sweep of his book, however, is irresistible. Beard is revealed as a historian trapped by his own prejudice, and not above distortion and subterfuge. Especially notable is Rauch's detailed exposure of the deceptive writing by which Beard and his school attempted to prove that Roosevelt coerced Japan into attacking us. The integrity and consistency of the President, as he tried to avoid war without jeopardizing the future of the world's free peoples, stand out clearly in a deep-cutting summary of the events leading up to Pearl Harbor. If any open-minded persons remain unconvinced that Roosevelt was right and that the isolationists were terribly wrong, this excellent book will banish their doubts forever.

Albert Z. Carr is the author of several books in the fields of history and political science, including Juggernaut: The Path of Dictatorship. *He was assistant to Donald Nelson on the War Production Board and served on the staff of the Inter-Allied Reparations Commission.*

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VISITORS TO A SICKROOM

THE MIND OF PROUST, by F. C. Green (Cambridge University Press; $4.50).

PROUST: PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS, by André Maurois (Harpers; $4.50).

PROUST'S WAY, by François Mauriac (Philosophical Library; $3).

MARCEL PROUST died in 1922; as a great writer he is among the recent dead. His reputation is still growing (and is thus tentative); his contemporaries are still writing—occasionally writing about Proust. In the English language, *A la Récherche du Temps Perdu* is an established classic as *The Remembrance of Things Past*, the translation by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff which is by now, for good and bad, the "authorized version." Even more familiar is the legend of Proust: the shrouded asthmatic, emerging late at night from his cork-lined room for fleeting visitations to the Ritz. These random three books, recently published, usefully collect the familiar material, add new details and, in an oblique way, provide insights into Proust's novel.

F. C. Green, professor of French at Cambridge University, has undertaken his vast labor from a sense of duty to share his "astonished delight." His book is subtitled "a detailed interpretation"; it amounts to a conducted tour through the Proustian world, affording a familiarity with the inhabitants and indicating, as it jogs along, the "beauties" on the way. The road may seem well traveled, for this book is almost a paraphrase of Proust; indeed, it is the kind of guide that comes, for the lazy or otherwise hesitant reader, to replace the original.

As interpreter, Green rigidly observes certain rigid conventions. He establishes Bergson as a major reference—as a parallel—and thus almost translates the novel into philosophic terms. Otherwise, "in fairness to the artist, his work must be judged only from the aesthetic point of view." The author never formally deserts this position, but the "aesthetic" is forced to a promiscuous hospitality, and shelters quite other "points of view" under its name. As for Proust's "mind" in the title, Green doesn't mean the particular human intelligence that conceived the novel—he scrupulously avoids "the biographical approach." He refers, rather, to the "ideas" he has abstracted from the novel and then systematized, and he gives the impression (at least to one reader) that Proust selected his materials and constructed his work to illustrate a theory of esthetics and propound a few pet psychological insights. *The Mind of Proust* is long and frequently repetitious ("with Proust there can be no question of short cuts") and on occasion tedious, even as Proust is occasionally tedious. But it is also a frequently illuminating and, by its sheer mass, awesome work. It is difficult to imagine anyone tackling the job of dislodging it from its unique position.

Maurois' is a conventional biography, and good of its kind. It is readable, and incorporates material hitherto unpublished—notebooks, memoranda and, particularly fascinating, a number of letters to and from Proust's parents. Needless to say, Maurois doesn't shy away from the "biographical approach" to Proust's work. He duly notes Proust's warning that "there are no keys to the characters in the novel, or, rather, there are eight to ten of each of them," and does his remarkably ingenious best to identify every one.

Mauriac's little book originates in personal reminiscences, several of which are already classics in the literature of the subject. Persuasively and almost reassuringly, he interprets Proust's excessive courtesy and flattery as a means to a great end: "He lived your life, admired you, liked you, took part in your follies and vices," but all the while "he concealed his own genius in the smoke of the incense burner he was swinging under the noses of the men of letters and the ladies in whose homes he dined. Thanks to that cloud, he constructed his work for many years, borrowing anecdotes and secrets from the people whom he covered with flowers, growing fat on every destiny he crossed; and suddenly the cloud dispersed and 'their young man,' eternally young, towered above the discomforted old masters."

But granting his profound admiration for "the most powerful romantic work of the era," Mauriac notes an essential flaw "from the literary point of view alone": "It is not the Christian who judges here," he is careful to state. Apart from the mother and grandmother (who possess a kind of natural unconscious virtue), "the human conscience is absent from [it]. Not one of the beings who people it is acquainted with moral anxiety, or scruple, or remorse, or desires perfection," with the result that "the lack of moral perspective impoverishes the humanity created by Proust, narrows the universe."

Proust's legend, one feels, is of service to his work. Mauriac recalls "that gloomy room on the rue Hamlin, that black den, that bed where an overcoat served as a blanket, that waxy mask through which it could have been said our host watched us eat, and whose hair alone seemed living." The atmosphere of the sickbed—querulous, nervy, hypersensitive—there is something of that in the book, and something of the closed, stuffy room, too: "He draws the universe into his sick chamber and holds it prisoner," writes Mauriac. But more essential to the very essence and method of the novel is Mauriac's figure of Proust: "a corpse stretched out in the middle of a furnished room, the inert

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but attentive prey of his sensations and his memories, let them come to him from the most distant point of his finished days, to mount the assault of his being, to proliferate at will, to nourish themselves on his substance." That bed, too, is a central piece of furniture in the novel, a sustained device. The very first words of the book ("For a long time I used to go to bed early") place the child alone, piecing together the life of the outer world (of his family) from the sounds that reach him from the garden below, suffering already the terrors of loneliness and love. The invalid is the extension of the child, shut in his room, shut off, "knowing" nothing except what he can divine from hints and scraps and guesses: both are thus a symbol of the intuitive intelligence. Further, the narrator-Proust is in the arrested state of the invalid, looking backwards and forward—all value (in Maurois' words) "lies only in desire—or memory." Desire and memory, the components of nostalgia, that elegiac emotion as strong as anything in Proust.

But this sick room is more than a refuge, a vantage point; it is really a place of sickness. The narrator's "love" for Albertine is an instance. Retired, brooding, suspicious, his relations with her are reduced to a system of spying, his passion all jealousy—a passion Green calls "an intuitive attitude to life," a passion in which nothing remains of love but the obsession. "Love, in the Proustian sense," says Green again, "is the transformation into a kind of intellectual concupiscence of man's instinctive sexual desire." And there the professor is betrayed into a criticism which is something other than "aesthetic." JOHN FARRELLY

MANY MANSIONS

ARCHITECTURE AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN, by Joseph Hudnut (Harvard University Press; $4.50).

THIS IS a book of distinction and delight. It is a reminder that architecture has been, in the hands of its serious practitioners and its serious critics, a genuinely philosophic art. The meaning of form, the significance of function, the relevance of a style to a culture, of houses, churches and universities to the whole meaning of a civilization—where are these questions more explicit, poignant and crucial than in the history of human construction? Where are the ultimate issues of our time faced more concretely than in the problems that challenge architects today—architects, that is, who would find forms that address themselves to our necessities, building styles that speak relevantly to the present hearts of men, edifices that celebrate our actual aspirations and speak to our living minds?

There is much in present architecture that fails to meet the challenges of actuality, buildings that echo a world long dead and styles germane only to vanished times. And buildings are erected today at the behest of a new secular Puritanism. They are bleakly modern, full of convenience and utility, but they leave unfulfilled those hungers of the spirit which modern man, whatever changed idiom he uses, shares with his ancestors.

The above paragraphs are not a detached little essay on architecture forcibly prefaced to the review of a book. The ideas they contain were stimulated by and in no small measure drawn from Joseph Hudnut's admirable volume. For this book is an urbane manifesto of the present duties and the exhilarating possibilities of architecture written by a man who combines imagination with sensibility, a fine appreciation of the past in his own art and in human history with awareness of the conditions of the living present.

No one can read this collection of essays, variations on a steady theme, without understanding more sensitively and vividly the problems of architecture in our own day, the values of the patrimony of the architecture of the past. By Hudnut's observations, humanistic, always pointed, frequently witty and sometimes modestly eloquent, the reader will be reminded that architecture is an art, not simply a technique of building; that it is an expressive art which, consciously or unconsciously, is the utterance of a whole culture, including the general ideas that animate it. Hudnut's book demonstrates the ways in which an architect voices the needs, the tempers, the philosophies of his time, the ways in which larger human interests determine structure and even decoration. The reader will see how architecture that arises out of the needs of one era remains through other

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epochs to articulate the values of "permanence and finality" in the "monumental" character of buildings. All these lessons are presented in the idiom of a responsible poet rather than that of a textbook teacher. I know of no volume which, without pretense to system, gives as rounded a sense of what architecture is about.

Because Hudnut so warmly appreciates the inherited values of past styles, it is surprising that the dominant intention of the book remains clear, for that intention is to make architecture a living citizen of the commonwealth of contemporary interests. The author is weary of the kind of textbook modernism whose building expresses simply the new structural possibilities of steel and glass, the recent techniques of necessary housing. He considers essential the realization of context in a building. For a small house, a housing project, a university are part of the texture of life. The needs of men are not simply those of garage and deep freeze; their ideals are not satisfied by the fact that they have learned the flexible uses of materials more plastic than wood and stone. Buildings are created by and for men living in a world increasingly socialized, in an intellectual climate increasingly temporal and flowing, increasingly non-monumental.

Hudnut treats architecture as the art in which the spirit of man finds a house to live in, or many mansions to work and play in, many bounded spaces in which to coöperate. He knows that we can no longer build as if we were living in the Greek world or the Renaissance or the eighteenth century. We are living in the twentieth century with new materials, new concepts, new ways of association. The architectural past is a heritage to whose varied beauties Hudnut shows himself a perceptive, critical guide and expositor. But we are living in the present, and I can think of no recent book wherein a cultivated man with a sense of style makes so clear that our civilization must find modes of construction that, for better or worse, go with the way of life of our own day, our own temper, our own philosophy.

IRWIN EDMAN

Irwin Edman, chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, is the author of Arts and the Man, Philosopher's Quest, and many other books.

POET IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

STRIKE THROUGH THE MASK! by Peter Viereck (Scribner's; $2.50).

THOSE TERRIFYING WHIMSIES of Peter Viereck! Granted, as another, greater poet has told us, that a person of genius has to do *something*. Still, just look at the sort of thing he sees fit to print:

"None of that!" shouted the Ohio River. "No more roses and nightingales permitted to any poet who drinks our waters, yours or mine. Those creaking nightingales of the Rheumatic movement! Longfellow reads like a pretty short fellow nowadays. Better a live extravert than a dead lyre."

Yet we must bear with him. The man may be garrulous. He may write books about revisiting conservatism and finding it good. He may be an esthete right out of the nineties who really thinks he's doing something brand-new. He may moralize about Beauty and The Machine and at times sound like Vachel Lindsay. And, often, he may even rather fancy himself as a tree. (There is more passionate timber in his books than in Pound's, though the lumber is less learned.) Nevertheless he is, to quote him out of context and inaccurately, a "gen-u-ine poet."

For the sake, then, of a few untypical poems in this volume and in *Terror and Decorum*, his Pulitzer Prize winner of 1948, we shall have to forgive Viereck's endless slogans, the precious credos, the saucy banalities about poetry and this harsh world, etc., etc. These sorties are at any rate witty enough, and they do somehow serve to free him morally for the occasional luxury of doing the real thing. In the earlier book, they released him for such poems as the truly humane "Kilroy," the idealistic "Poet," the naïvely savage "From Ancient Fangs." *Strike Through the Mask!* is a less bitter collection. Outwardly bristling with even more intellectual defenses and diversionary tomfooleries, it holds within it a purer, more concentrated core of "gen-u-ine" verse.

Six or seven poems make up this core. Of these, only one, "Small Perfect Manhattan," can be called intellectually argumentative. What it "argues" for, as the title may suggest, is a new geographical association for the classic values, Europe and Africa having lost touch with the old idealism and the tradition of living song. Elsewhere Viereck has

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both admired and patronized Hart Crane; here, as in "Serenade," he comes very close to him in style and spirit:

> Unable to breathe, I inhaled the
> classic Aegean.
> Losing my northern shadow, I
> sheared the noon
> Of an almond grove. The tears
> of marble
> Thanked me for laughter.

Among these poems, too, we find "My Gentlest Song"—Viereck's one "tree-poem" which does not absolutely shriek its indignant message at us. The sense is surer, goes deeper here, than in many other more striking pieces. This love song of a pine tree to a rose—the utterly absurd "beautiful hunger" of the protecting pine for the "bright brief putrefying weed"—evokes the very essence of romantic pathos, all the more because it is never mechanically symbolic. A certain heaviness, a melancholy almost without objective meaning and yet intensely human, pervades this poem and the other "pure" poems in the book—particularly "Counter Serenade," "Obsessed by Her Beauty" and "Twilight of the Outward Life."

Viereck's whimsies and debating can be sold too short, of course. There is the joy of good satire in something like the Lindsayan chant, in his *Americana* section, about

> *Clambakes, clambakes on cranberry bogs:*
> *Cans piled up to the moon.*

He is generally amusing, or exciting, or in any case *interesting*, even when taste and originality desert him. And his range is wide, from sentimental trivia and comic ballads to the macabre irony of "To My Playmate" or the painful effort, in "Some Lines in Three Parts," to dramatize in images the "mangy miracle" of artistic creation. Yet even in this last poem the most moving lines are the ones which assert—with Yeats, one of Viereck's most apparent masters—the tragic paradox of the human condition so poignantly felt by the best poets of the late nineteenth century:

> I say the honor of our flesh is love.
> I say no soul, no god could love as we—
> A forepaw stalking us from every cloud—
> Who loved while sentenced to mortality.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

M. L. Rosenthal is a member of the English faculty of Washington Square College, New York University.

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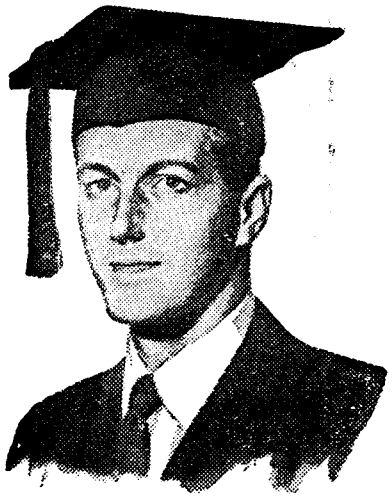

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